

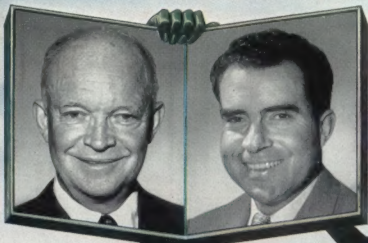
TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 10, 1952

ELECTION RESULTS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Keystone Photo

"Governments are instituted among Men,
deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

\$6.00 A YEAR

newspaper and

VOL. IX NO. 46



ONE OF SEVENTEEN BRILLIANT NEW GOLDEN AIRFLYTE MODELS, STYLED BY PININ FARINA. THIS NASH AMBASSADOR IS UPHOLSTERED IN BLACK NEEDLEPOINT AND SMART STRIPED HOMESPUN. HOOD ORNAMENT, WHITE SIDEWALLS OPTIONAL.

Start Living These Golden Moments

HERE's the beauty you've known a car would some day have—the inimitable "Pinin Farina flair." Yes, the fabulous custom touch of the master stylist of them all—for whose designs the world's royalty gladly pay a "king's ransom."

Here's room and luxury like you never experienced before. Seats are widest, front and rear—the only seats that recline, if you wish—that even become *Twin Beds* for camping! Here are the widest windshield, the widest rear window—the greatest eye-level visibility ever built into a car. Here the air is filtered fresh as

all outdoors. Weather Eye conditioned, warmed automatically.

Here's the matchless performance of Super Jetfire, the engine that topped all American engines in the 24-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans, France—for the *second* straight year. And with it, economy no other fine car can approach.

Make your own "road test" at your Nash dealer's this week . . . take what experts call "the finest shockproof ride in the world today" . . . learn how easy it is to start *living* these golden moments in your own Nash Golden Airflyte.



THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER

The Finest of our Fifty Years
Nash Motors, Div. Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

KNEE-DEEP IN CLOVER

I'VE KNOWN Charlie Morton for a good many years. We got out of college about the same time and worked together over at the old *Herald* until Charlie got a job as salesman for one of the big companies in town and I went into the life insurance business.

I spoke to Charlie about his insurance from time to time, and after he and Martha Ward got married I talked about it often.

But Charlie had it all figured out, back in those days. He'd make a killing in business, lay away a whole lot of money in a hurry, and that would be that. So he just laughed at me and said, "My boy, by the time I go we'll be knee-deep in clover. Martha won't have a thing to worry about—not a thing!"

I spoke to him about his life insurance when his son Jimmy was born, again after little Sarah arrived and several times after that. But Charlie just kept laughing it off. After that, all I did was to ask him sometimes when we met downtown or at the club, "How's the clover patch coming along?"

And Charlie would say, "Fine, just fine!"

The other day he called me for lunch. During the first part of lunch we talked about things in general. Then Charlie turned to me and said, "Do you realize that Martha and I will be married fifteen years next week?" I shook my head and said it sure didn't seem that long.

"No," he said, "it sure doesn't." He dropped a lump of sugar into his coffee, watched it dissolve and then said, "You remember the 'big killing' I was always going to make? Well, I never made it—and with taxes and prices the way they are now, it doesn't look as if I ever will."

He smiled a little ruefully and said, "In short, the clover patch isn't very lush and green at all, and—well, I guess maybe I've been a little more stubborn about my life insurance than I've had any right to be. So it looks as if you've made a sale, after all."

"I'm glad you changed your mind, Charlie," I said, "because even though the premiums will be a little higher now, at least you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that everything is under control."

Charlie laughed and said, "Better late than never, I guess."



Somewhere along the line Charlie's got to tell Martha about it...

That was a couple of days ago. Today, late and never mean one and the same thing for Charlie Morton.

It seems there's just enough wrong with Charlie's heart not to have bothered him, but to make it impossible for him to get any life insurance. The doctor said it was something that had probably developed during the past two or three years—which certainly doesn't make me feel any better about it.

I've been sitting here looking at the telephone on my desk, knowing that sooner or later I'll have to pick it up and make an appointment to see Charlie. It's not only having to tell Charlie that's tough. It's knowing that somewhere along the line

Charlie's got to tell Martha about it... knowing that somehow he's got to find a way to make it up to her and the two kids.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.



CHAIRMAN JACK FRYE WEARS A ROLEX

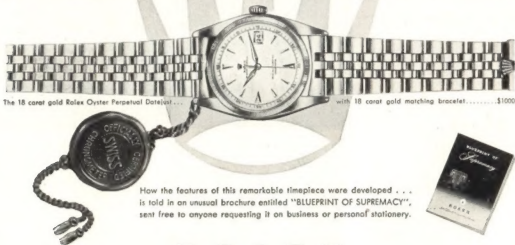
LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW *the Value of Time*

Looking for new worlds to conquer, is indeed, the natural environment of Jack Frye, Chairman of the Board of General Aniline & Film Corporation. ¶ This pioneer aviator, formerly president for many years of T.W.A., today directs one of the world's great industrial empires. His multiple duties include the responsibility of manufacture and distribution for a variety of diversified products . . . dyestuffs, chemicals, Ozalid copying machines, sensitized materials, Ansco Cameras, film and sundries. ¶ Time is of the

essence to such men as Jack Frye and his associates. It is for safeguarding the precious moments of executives such as these . . . and for you . . . Rolex Watches are made available by the leading jewelers in the United States.

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The 18 carat gold Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust . . .

with 18 carat gold matching bracelet . . . \$1000

How the features of this remarkable timepiece were developed . . . is told in an unusual brochure entitled "BLUEPRINT OF SUPREMACY", sent free to anyone requesting it on business or personal stationery.

ROLEX

Swiss Officially Certified Wrist-Chronometers

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This NEW \$20 set of Norman Rockwell paintings is YOURS

FREE! Gratuit! Umsonst! GRATIS!

if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *now*



BECAUSE we are offering you a \$20 set of Norman Rockwell's paintings as an inducement to obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time*, we had better tell you something about them:

In the first place, they are *not* the original paintings in oil! If you are in position to pay several thousands of dollars to obtain one of Norman Rockwell's original oils, you won't want these facsimiles.

For they are facsimiles. Yet we will wager that, even after examining them, you wouldn't recognize them as such.

They are created by several unusual processes. They are in full color; and they are on heavy board-canvases such as oil painters use; and their surfaces are *moulded* into the actual brush-strokes.

Facsimiles have been created in this fashion before, of some of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings: notably his paintings of *The Four Freedoms*. We would present *those* to you, if we could! But we can't, for the right to reproduce them doesn't belong to us. However, we do have the right to reproduce Norman Rockwell's paintings made to illustrate *Huckleberry Finn*, for they were made for the now-famous Heritage edition of the book.

WE HAVE NOW TAKEN three of them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles which are four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each is twelve inches across by sixteen inches long! Each will be sold in the shops for \$6.95; the set of three will be sold for \$20.

But we will give you a complete set, free, **GRATUIT, umsonst, GRATIS**—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time*. Why?

WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we have persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—with the result that, of six of our recent publications, we have obtained from the printers about a thousand extra copies. So, in the second place, we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to try the Club out with these six books.

But we want to enroll this limited number of people with an even more limited expenditure: by offering this irresistible inducement to you, to become one of these new members. If you do, you will obtain six beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as ordinary rental library fiction.

YOU WILL obtain a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the newly-discovered paintings of William Blake reproduced in full color; and *The Book of Ruth* illustrated with the magnificent miniatures-in-color by Arthur Szyk; and *Great Expectations* illustrated by the English painter Edward Ardizzone; and *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* illustrated with gravures by Zhenya Gay; and *The Way of All Flesh*; and *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon* illustrated by Gordon Ross...

Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list.



FOR THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club obtain those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Yet each of these books costs each member only \$3.65! or only \$3.28 if paid in advance!

A prospectus is now ready. You are invited to send for a copy. One of the remaining Trial Memberships will then be reserved for you—and also a set of the Norman Rockwell facsimiles. Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered. The coupon below enables you to put this statement to the test:

Reservation Coupon

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Please send me a copy of the Prospectus describing the limited number of Trial Memberships which you are offering at this time. I understand that you will reserve a Trial Membership for me, and that I am entitled to a portfolio of the Norman Rockwell paintings, without cost, when I send my application.

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What lies behind America's

*You hear a lot about America's famous production-line technique.
But little is said about what keeps those production lines moving.*



TAKE IRON ORE. Without iron ore there could be no steel; without steel, no tanks, trucks, ships or guns—and no machines with which to make them.

Hewitt-Robins mine conveyors, vibrating screens, self-unloader boats, storage and blending systems, belting and hose all help to supply the ore that makes the steel to keep production lines moving.



TAKE POWER. Without power all production must cease. Power is fuel converted into energy. A major source of that energy is coal. Wherever coal

moves in bulk . . . at the mine or the power plant . . . it moves on belt conveyors. Power is essential in everything that is manufactured. Hewitt-Robins products are essential in the manufacturing of power.



TAKE OIL. Without lubricants, machines cannot operate efficiently; without fuel, they cannot operate at all. To make petroleum products available—to produce lubricants

and fuel—four essential functions must be performed: drilling, refining, marketing and distributing. In each function, hose is an essential conveying medium. Hewitt-Robins hose is essential to the petroleum industry



TAKE MINERALS. Without bauxite there would be no aluminum. Without copper there would be no brass and bronze. Without galena there would be no lead. Without sand and

gravel there would be no concrete. Minerals must be mined, moved, sized and stored. Hewitt-Robins conveying and vibrating machinery is as essential to the mineral industry as minerals are essential to the industrial economy.



leadership in mass production?



TAKE FOOD. Without food, there cannot be life. In the granary and the dairy, in the cannery and the slaughterhouse, wherever food is grown or processed Hewitt-Robins hose and belting, conveyors and screens move foods faster and with a minimum of manual attendance.



TAKE CHEMICALS. Without chemicals there would be no medicine, no parachutes, no gunpowder. Whether solid or fluid, at the source or in semi-finished or finished form,

chemicals move on, in, over and through products of Hewitt-Robins.



TAKE RAILROADS. Without enough railroad cars, adequate supplies of materials cannot keep production lines humming. The shortage of railroad cars is critical; those available must make more trips. Gondola cars carry coal, ores and other granular materials to factories. Once it took as many as 12 men as long as 18 man-hours to unload a single gondola car by hand. Now a car can be unloaded mechanically by only 2 men in about 90 seconds with a Hewitt-Robins car shakeout.

In all fields, Hewitt-Robins products are essential factors behind America's world leadership in mass production.

HEWITT  ROBINS

Executive Offices: Stamford, Connecticut

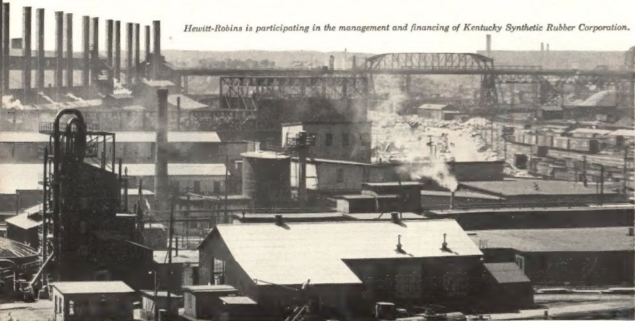
HEWITT RUBBER DIVISION: Belting, hose and other industrial rubber products

ROBINS CONVEYORS DIVISION: Conveying, screening, sizing, processing and dewatering machinery

ROBINS ENGINEERS DIVISION: Designing and constructing materials handling systems

HEWITT RESTFOAM DIVISION: Restfoam® pillows and comfort-cushioning

Hewitt-Robins is participating in the management and financing of Kentucky Synthetic Rubber Corporation.



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They'll rave and rave
when you send gifts
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Just send names and addresses, plus check or M.O. No charges, no C.O.D.'s, please. AIR MAIL it quick to

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America's
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GIFT NO. 1 (shown)—10 to 14 big pears, a great favorite ... Del'd **\$3.35**
GIFT NO. 2 (16-20 big pears) ... Del'd **\$4.35**
GIFT NO. 3 (20-25 smaller pears) ... Del'd **\$3.95**
What a bargain!

"We think there is no fruit on earth to equal Royal Riviera Pears." Frances Staunton, Denver



Give the
one-and-only

FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB*

Creates praise and excitement for you the year 'round! You order just once, but lucky folks you name receive a whole parade of finest fruits and delicacies, each beautifully packaged with your greetings.

12-BOX CLUB: at Christmas, Riviera Pears; Jan., Apples; Feb., Grapefruit; Mar., Fine Cheese; April, Preserves; May, Fruit Cake; June, Canned Fruit; July, Nectarines; August, Pears; September, Peaches; October, Grapes; November, more Riviera Pears. Gift No. 20, \$44.95 Delivered.

8-BOX CLUB: omits March, May, June, August. Gift No. 15, \$29.95 Delivered.

3-BOX CLUB: Christmas and January and February treats. Gift No. 11, \$10.95 Delivered.

*© H & B

LETTERS

The Man at the Station

Sir:
In your Oct. 20 issue, you state that the 89-year-old photograph showing a tall man with a stovepipe hat (supposedly Abraham Lincoln) will "start a historical argument." I doubt it . . . You are correct in saying that the photograph was taken at Hanover Junction, Pa., by Mathew B. Brady, the famous Civil War photographer. However, the assumption that it shows Lincoln on the way to Gettysburg is nothing but a railway press-agent's wishful thinking . . .

STEFAN LORANT

Lenox, Mass.

Sir:
... It has been discovered that the photograph isn't a picture of Hanover Junction Station, but Burke's Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which was published on page 93 in Roy Meredith's book *Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man*—Mathew B. Brady.

LOUIS FABIAN BACHRACH
Newton, Mass.

Sir:
... There is little doubt in my mind but that Abraham Lincoln is the man in the center of the picture.

ELAINE M. FALLON

Chicago

Sir:
... The elongated gentleman in the photograph is not the man who delivered the celebrated Gettysburg Address. Mr. Lincoln

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TIME
November 10, 1952

Volume LX
Number 19

First choice
with Most

2000 spotless rooms —
Sensible rates include radio
Many rooms with Television

The Famous
HOTEL
TAFT

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Alfred Lewis, Mgr. • Ring & Ring, Inc. Management

ON TIMES SQUARE AT RADIO CITY



our cap's off to men
who want a fresh
feeling that lingers
for hours. now 75c
plus tax



TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1952



Ever think of **DIABETES** this way?

ANOTED medical authority compares the diabetic person to a charioteer, whose chariot is drawn by three steeds named Diet, Insulin, and Exercise. This authority points out that it takes skill to drive one horse, intelligence to manage a team, and unusual ability to get three to pull together.

Yet, the diabetic person . . . if he is to maintain good health and avoid complications . . . must learn to harness diet, insulin, and exercise and make them pull together in complete harmony. Only in this way can well-established diabetes be kept under good control.

What is insulin . . . why is it used?

Insulin is a secretion of the pancreas gland which enables the body to store and burn sugars and starches (carbohydrates).

When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it with a carefully adjusted diet.

Why are diet and exercise so important?

Diet is a vital part of every diabetic's

treatment, for it determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body. It is estimated that one third to one half of all known diabetics do very well on diet alone.

In all cases, however, the doctor's advice is needed about the kinds and amounts of foods that will best meet the needs of each patient. Active work or exercise is necessary, too, as it helps the body burn up sugar and starches.

If you are a diabetic, your faithful, intelligent cooperation with your doctor may help you to control the disease through diet, insulin, and exercise. In most cases, you can look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

Guarding against diabetes:

Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. Research, however, has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

1. Middle-aged, overweight people. Anyone can help guard against diabetes by keeping his weight down. The only effective way to do this is by controlling the amount of food you eat—especially sugars, starches, and fats.

2. People who have diabetes "in the family." A tendency to diabetes may be inherited. So, if you have diabetic relatives, you should pay particular attention to diet, and be alert to the usual signs of diabetes. These include *excessive thirst and hunger, frequent urination, and loss of weight and strength.*

Authorities estimate that there are at least one million people in our country who have diabetes and *know* it, while another million have the disease *but do not know* it. Moreover, about 60,000 new cases are discovered every year.

Since the signs of diabetes may not appear at the onset of the disease, it is always wise to have periodic medical check-ups, including *urinalysis*. This is important because when detected early, the chances for successful control of diabetes are best, often by diet alone.

Fortunately, constant research on new and more effective combinations of insulin, as well as new discoveries about the disease itself, hold great hope for further advances against diabetes.



Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 1162-T, "Diabetes."

Name

Street

City State

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



**They took what they wanted ...
and they wanted the world !**



Stolen love!



Murder by mutiny!



Captive love prize!



"Evil Eye" dares foe!



BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

starring

ROBERT NEWTON

LINDA DARNELL · WILLIAM BENDIX

with **KEITH ANDES · ALAN MOWBRAY**

AN **EDMUND GRAINGER** PRODUCTION



Directed by **RAUEL WALSH** · Screenplay by **ALAN LE MAY** · Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER**

did not leave the train on which he was riding until it reached its destination . . .

DAVID RANKIN BARBEE

Orange, Texas

Keeping an Eye on Baby

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the short story *Romance*, by Joyce Cary [True, Oct. 20], and I know that matters of factual accuracy should never be picked over in a work of art. But either Mr. Cary knows nothing about babies, or else his fictional one is unusually backward. Who ever heard of a baby able to crawl and yet just beginning to learn how to turn over on his stomach?

LOUISE M. HIEATT

Stamford, Conn.

Sir:

Babies must crawl before they can walk, but they all can roll off their backs before they can crawl. I believe Joyce Cary is all and more you say he is, but in the case of that apple-headed infant of his, his bright eye erred. Could he have had in mind a baby turtle, tortoise or even cockroach? They have that trouble. Not babies.

J. HATCH

New York City

Sauté & Mix Well

Sir:

And what is a "jambalaya" [Time, Oct. 20]?

A. M. MIXON JR.

Spiro, Okla.

¶ A New Orleans dish containing rice, chorizos, ham or shrimp, tomatoes, peppers, onions, garlic, paprika and cayenne pepper.—Ed.

Man of the Year?

Sir:

Soon, Man of the Year proposals will be crowding your desk. Last year it was rightly Mossadegh . . . This year, one's selection can only fall on Egypt's new leader, General Naguib . . .

VICTOR B. CRANLEY

L'Aurent-Clarens, Switzerland

Sir:

I nominate . . . Federal Judge David Andrew Pine. His courageous ruling, upheld by the Supreme Court, that President Truman's seizure of the steel mills was unconstitutional, restored constitutional government to the U.S. . . .

BERNARD K. FRANK

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

. . . Dwight Eisenhower.

LEONARD E. LESOURD

New York City

Sir:

May I nominate Harry S. Truman as the Worst Man of the Year? . . .

GOLDWIN GOLDSMITH

Austin, Texas

Sir:

. . . Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy . . . Lashing out with brute, uncomprehending frustration in frenzy at a real but little-understood danger, he is almost the perfect symbol of this frightening age.


R. COSMIC

Philadelphia

Sir:

John L. Lewis, a U.S. citizen who is bigger than the United States Government, an individual at whose nod the wheels of the

TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1952



For a whole wardrobe of reasons... COURIER CLOTH woven by

Rochester tailored exclusively by

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giving each's surface an ethereal line, strong as sharkskin, supple as
silk, is found in town and in the country. Now, in handsome
suits and sportswear, it's ready to wear. Write for the name of the fine
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First cost doesn't always make a value; and low-priced shoes may often prove expensive luxuries. In shoes, the economy of Florsheim quality is the soundest economy of all, because your shoe satisfaction is the greatest—and your shoe costs lower in the long run. Yes! You save money through the months of tomorrows in the Florsheim Shoes you buy today!



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tan calf wing tip;
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greatest industrial system in the world grind towards a halt, a man whose unspoken motto is—The Public Be Damned

CHARLES H. PORTER

Tamworth, N.H.

Unsuspected Cancer

Sir:

Many women will sadly misunderstand your Oct. 20 article, "Unsuspected Cancer." The figures quoted from my paper—"90% chance of survival for five years, and 65% chance of living ten years"—do not refer to the very early cancers usually discovered by vaginal smear, but refer instead to localized invasive cancer (Stage I) of many months or years growth. Stage I cancer used to be considered early cancer; but with the vaginal smear we are now detecting cancer long before Stage I is reached. These very early malignant lesions (Stage 0) have not yet invaded the tissues, and are curable in almost 100% of cases. . . . Periodic vaginal smear examination of "well" women is about the only way of finding these very early lesions. Women should realize that this earliest type of cancer is entirely curable.

MAURICE FREMONT-SMITH, M.D.
Boston

Curled Up with Bad Books

Sir:

I finished reading the Books section of the Oct. 13 issue of TIME with a distinct feeling of nausea. Is your taste so low that you believe books like these should be brought to the attention of your readers, or is the trend of literature so degraded that your reviewers can find nothing that would be fit for decent-minded people to read?

ROSE N. HARTNETT

Malden, Mass.

Sir:

. . . I was repelled and nauseated . . . by such horrors as: *The Great Beast*, by J. Symonds; *The Illusionist*, F. Mallet; *The Skin*, C. Malaguer. Please, please let the mud remain where it belongs. Don't even mention them in your fine periodical . . .

(MRS.) KATHERINE McMORROW
Hamden, Conn.

Sir:

. . . Surely the bottom of the debauchery barrel was scraped to gain material for these books . . .

Winnipeg, Manitoba

G. STILL

Sir:

Your review of John Symonds' *The Great Beast* was beastly . . . Aleister Crowley was an accomplished poet, a mountain climber of some ability, and an oddity whose biography should engage the attention of anyone interested in the vagaries of the human race.

JOSEPH V. WILCOX

Albion, Mich.

One Man's Philosophy

Sir:

Your Oct. 20 columns interpreting *The Theology of Paul Tillich* were informative in the best sense—lively, sane, and critical. This article proves again that the admittedly difficult assignment of presenting theology and philosophy in such a way that the general reader will grasp the issues can be accomplished when undertaken by skillful and sympathetic hands . . .

CHARLES W. KEGLEY
Professor of Philosophy

Wagner College
Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir:

Dr. Tillich's philosophy is compared enthusiastically with that of St. Thomas; but

Why the Halo?

THAT little BUY-circle distinguishes the readers of Better Homes & Gardens from those of the other two biggest man-woman magazines.

BH&G's 3½-million families read this magazine for one reason only: because it is devoted exclusively to things to try, things to BUY. They read it because they have BUY on their minds—and BH&G is full of suggestions on what to do about that!

That's the big difference between the readers of BH&G and those of any other magazine with more than 3½-million circulation—a difference in BUY-mindedness that can give your advertising that extra-big break it deserves.

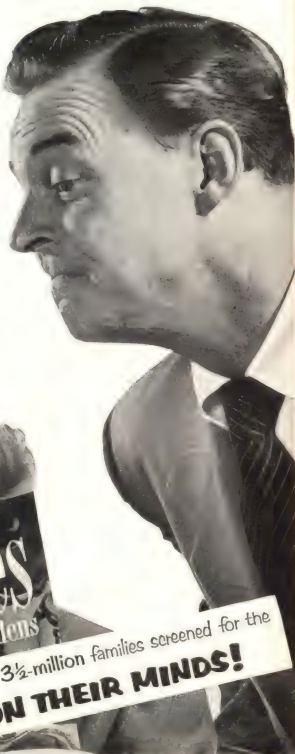
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More dollars of advertising, more lines of advertising and more pages of advertising were placed in BH&G than in any other major monthly magazine. (1st six months of 1952.)

The most advertising dollars ever spent in a single issue of any magazine ever published were spent in the April, 1952 issue of BH&G. (And still true as this ad goes to press.)

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY
Des Moines, Iowa



Better Homes
and Gardens

Serving more than 3½-million families screened for the
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LOOK OUT *for Winter*



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I feel that St. Thomas would not be caught making such an unproven statement as: "God is utterly outside human experience."

This particular assumption makes it impossible to discuss religion intelligently. If God cannot be approached through reason, there's no point in being reasonable about religion. If religion is simply a matter of emotion (Dr. Tillich's "grace?"), then the Communists are correct when they say that religion is merely souped-up soap opera for the masses.

The fact is that every basic tenet of orthodox Christianity can be explained as logically as a theorem of Euclid. Few have followed St. Thomas as he piles syllogism on relentless syllogism, building from the bald fact of existence until he reaches the sky and beyond; but for those who have, the comparison of his work with that of most modern philosophers is like comparing the drawings of an architect with the scrawls of bright children.

E. A. PHILLIPS

Oakville, Ont.

Lemon Squash

Sir:

I'm convinced that Zsa Zsa Gabor is the most conceited female on this universe, and is concerned about no one except Zsa Zsa. My sympathy goes to George Sanders, for I'm sure he's worse off than just a "squeezed lemon."

VERNA HILL

Detroit

Hobby

Sir:

Only two days ago I was lamenting the fact that you never mention my most loved hobby—chess. Then, as if by magic, a personal response, you come up with a grand profile [Oct. 20] on Samuel Reshevsky, the greatest chess player of them all. Thank you!

GLORIA WOODHALL

Chicago

Religious Poll

Sir:

I see from the Oct. 20 issue of TIME where 60% of Americans believe in God . . . I wonder how many Americans in a poll would be able to correctly define the word "Christianity."

JOHN GARDNER

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

It is gratifying to know that such a large percentage of Americans believe in God. However . . . did it ever occur to the editors of the *Catholic Digest* to ask these subjects "why" they believe in God? It would certainly be much more gratifying if the answer was obtained and the percentage of valid reasons stayed the same.

LOUIS HART JR.

Englewood, N.J.

Sir:

The understandable joy of the editors of the *Catholic Digest* over their recent poll should be tempered with a large dose of realism. It is very easy to check an answer on a questionnaire, particularly if the answer proves one a good person. It is quite another matter to live on the assumption of the validity of the Christian (or even the theistic) philosophy in the routine of daily life.

If 60% of our people acted as though they believed in God, our country and our world would be a very different place than it actually is . . .

OCTAVIA S. SELL

Danville, Va.



*418,871 buildings were destroyed by fire last year of which just under 300,000 were residences. Source: National Board of Fire Underwriters.

"Christmas comes but once a year ... and a good thing, too!"

As he knows only too well, the Christmas season always sparks its own special rash of fires. Some are relatively slight . . . but many are highly destructive.

There are some things you should not do . . . and several that you should . . . to help PREVENT fires, particularly at Christmas time, and to protect yourself against loss if an accident should happen.*

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DON'T use broken or faulty electric plugs in fixtures.

DON'T place Christmas trees near fireplaces.

DON'T pile up highly inflammable packages and Christmas wrappings.

DO check your fire insurance to see that your dwelling and furnishings are adequately covered — at today's replacement prices.

DO take out Additional Living Expense Insurance.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

At 9 o'clock last Tuesday night, while most of you gathered around your radios and television sets, a large part of TIME's editorial staff came in to start work on the story of the 1952 election. Through the night they compiled and analyzed election returns, studied special reports from correspondents stationed at key listening posts around the country. By the time the last returns were being compiled, the editors were sending their final corrections to the printers.

Racing a midday Wednesday deadline, TIME's election story went out on teletypesetters to printing plants in Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles, where printing and production crews took over, 36 hours later than usual. Meanwhile, exact copies of each page were put on film and acetate page proofs and hustled aboard waiting planes for shipment to TIME's overseas printing plants.

At Philadelphia, a small Cessna plane stood by to carry the pages to Idlewild Airport, where they were put aboard a flight scheduled to arrive in Paris early Thursday afternoon. Other page proofs were flown from Los Angeles to Honolulu and Tokyo, and from Idlewild to Miami, to be transferred to a chartered Pan American flight for Cuba. Stories were also cabled directly from the U.S. to Paris and Tokyo, as a safeguard against delays in air traffic. Buried in the mass of detail these arrangements involved, TIME Production Chief Bert Chapman confessed: "At a time like this, I carry my files in my head."

The schedule called for having all copies of TIME's U.S. edition printed and bound by 8 a.m. Thursday. Wherever planes were available, they were used to carry copies to population centers farthest from the printing plants—to Texas, Florida, Washington, Maine. One American Airlines plane was scheduled to carry 6,700 copies of TIME to Buffalo on a regular flight just after midnight Wed-

nesday; another was chartered to carry 36,000 copies to Dallas, where they would be redistributed by air express to other Texas cities. Because this issue of TIME—136 pages—is one of the largest ever published, planes had to cut down on the number of copies they could haul.

Trucks went out from printing plants to nearby locations—New York City, Washington, Boston, St. Louis—and the last copies off the presses went on sale in cities where they were printed. Wherever possible, subscriber copies were shipped to post offices near their destination before being placed in the mail.

In thousands of outpost settlements around the world, as well as in the big cities and mainline towns, TIME's traffic department made every effort to get copies out on schedule—or, at worst, not more than 24 hours late. In some cases, this wasn't possible. In

Honolulu, for instance, the late printing meant missing a regular flight to Wake Island.

But long advance planning was getting TIME out this week in most remote places, such as the newsstand at Ben's Provision Store at Stephenville, Newfoundland (pop. 6,083), which was scheduled to receive its usual 20 copies via Trans-Canada Air Lines at 9:10 a.m. on Friday, Nov. 7. In the town of Stephenville, Ben reports, and among the U.S. troops stationed at the nearby Ernest Harmon Air Force Base (many of whose personnel are subscribers to TIME and whose post exchange gets another 100 copies), the U.S. election has been the biggest topic of conversation for weeks. From advance indications, every copy of TIME's election issue will be grabbed up before the day is over.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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Chrysler designers and engineers developed the K-310, the C-200 and the new Chrysler Phaeton to express certain ideas of construction and styling — to put to the test of steel and fabric their newest, most promising automotive developments. A superior motor car evolves; it does not suddenly come into being; these graceful, pleasing designs, and the lessons learned perfecting them, are reflected in the creation of your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler.

These, therefore, are "idea cars" — expressions in line and in form of the imagination always at work at Chrysler Corporation. Exciting outside and inside, they reflect continuing Chrysler principles — that beauty, in an automobile, follows function, and that car designs can best be created by designers and engineers, working together.



THE K-310, designed and engineered by Chrysler and handcrafted by Ghia of Turin, Italy. Only 59" high, with a wheelbase of 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", it is designed to use the Chrysler FirePower V8 Engine and full-time Power Steering. This "idea car" represents an entirely new American theme in motor car functional styling.



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Will of the People

(See Cover)

Dwight Eisenhower won the presidency of the U.S. in a ballot-box revolution.

The size of the vote was impressive in itself. 55% of the popular vote, 38 states (with Kentucky, Missouri and Louisiana still in doubt 18 hours after the count began) and at least 429 of the 531 electoral votes.

More impressive than the number of votes was the revolutionary quality that appeared when the details of the balloting were set side-by-side with the issues of the campaign and the state of the nation in which the campaign was waged.

In a time of unprecedented prosperity with 62.5 million men & women at work, the voters repudiated the party in power—repudiated an administration which held the awesome political leverage of a \$80 billion-a-year budget. The Democrats frankly fought the campaign on the pocketbook issue: "Don't let them take it away." To the last, in spite of all that Ike and his friends could say, an overwhelming majority of Americans believed that the Democratic Party "was better for them personally" in an economic sense than the Republican Party.

The people did what materialists and cynics say people never do: voted against what they believed to be their immediate economic interests.

Certainly, Ike made vast headway in his sincere (and highly feasible) promises to maintain and extend the New Deal's gains and to revive faith in progress through free enterprise. But he did not win the campaign on economic issues.

It was fought and won on transcendent issues of morality: 1) clean government, 2) government for all the people and not for special groups, and 3) government that would express in foreign and domestic policy the moral beliefs that lie at the root of U.S. life and greatness.

Under the last heading comes the question of softness to Communism, of which the confused deadlock of the Korean war was the most persuasive symptom and the Alger Hiss case was the most clinically revealing symptom.

Issues of this kind touched Americans of all classes—and the vote on Tuesday reflected the judgment of all classes. He did not win by breaking away one or two groups from the amazing coalition built by Franklin Roosevelt. He won by gain-



IKE & MAMIE AT THE COMMODORE
Few have had so clear a mandate for leadership.

ing appreciable numbers of Democrats in almost every group. Among them:

- 1) Farmers, who had never had it so good, shifted to Ike by the hundreds of thousands on Korea and kindred issues.
- 2) Big-city industrial workers, wooed for 20 years by the Democrats, turned by the millions to the Republican candidate.
- 3) Roman Catholics, long a mainstay of the Democratic Party, moved away from a party that did not seem to understand the moral danger of Communism.
- 4) Southerners, weary and appalled at the growing bureaucracy of Washington, left the party of their fathers.
- 5) Young men shifted, partly because they thought it time for a change.
- 6) Women, reacting against the Korean deadlock, swarmed to Ike.

Never has a people looked so critically at a superficially successful present and voted so overwhelmingly for a more solidly based future.

The man who led this peaceful overturn was a newcomer to politics. He was adopted by the liberal wing of the Republican Party which believed that the tangible gains of the New Deal could be preserved while rejecting certain fundamentals of the New Deal's philosophy. Ike thought at first he would be "drafted" by the Republicans, but he quickly found that the processes of democracy

include hard and necessary tests. He passed those in the dramatic weeks when the magic number was 604—the majority of Republican Convention delegates.

He unified his bitterly divided party, defined his "crusade," and set out to pass the next test, in which the goal was 266 electoral votes. His campaign survived the Nixon crisis—stirred up partly out of hatred for the man who broke the Alger Hiss case—and turned an apparent setback into an advantage. It survived the egghead rebellion, the desertion of Ike by scores of intellectuals, journalists, Hollywoodians and other opinion makers.

The final victory discloses an alarming fact, long suspected: there is a wide and unhealthy gap between the American intellectuals and the people. (Stevenson made a poor showing in New York City, the font and center of eggheadery.)

The Task Ahead. Intellectuals aside, the vote for Eisenhower suggests that, despite the relative bitterness of campaign oratory, the U.S. is more genuinely united behind the President-elect than it has been for many years. Few Presidents in U.S. history have had so clear a mandate from so many divergent groups. It is, in fact, a mandate for a fresh start in the U.S.'s dealings with the world and with itself—a mandate for leadership. At no time in U.S. history has the need for

KEY STATES: YARDSTICK OF VICTORY

The measure of General Eisenhower's massive sweep can be read in the returns from a dozen key states. With more than three-fourths of their votes counted, these states showed the most significant percentage gains for the G.O.P.'s 1952 candidate, as compared with Governor Dewey's showing last time:

	Votes for Eisenhower	Votes for Stevenson	Eisenhower's % of major party vote	Dewey's % of major party vote (1948)
Texas	756,800	648,900	53	24.4
Virginia	334,200	257,300	56	41.4
New York	3,852,000	3,044,600	55	46.3*
Connecticut	611,000	481,500	55	50.0*
Illinois	1,602,800	1,588,300	55	49.6
California	1,315,200	1,027,200	56	47.4
Ohio	833,300	646,600	56	49.2
Pennsylvania	2,303,600	2,054,300	52	51.3
Utah	143,900	96,200	59	45.0
Wisconsin	740,900	456,800	61	46.8
Oklahoma	446,000	376,700	54	37.3
Tennessee	342,700	338,300	50	37.1

leadership been so great or the leader's task so complex and fateful. In 1952, the U.S.'s (and therefore the President's) responsibility reaches into the farthest corners of the earth. It faces the greatest threat to free societies in a thousand years. It must deal not only with governments, with armies, with billions of money, with staggering weapons of destruction on the brink of war; it must deal with the souls of men—must, in Eisenhower's words, "persuade the world by peaceful means to believe the truth." That is the measure of the job which a majority of the American people has entrusted to Dwight Eisenhower.

Election Day

The seven voters of Millsfield, N.H. (pop. 161) stayed up late on election eve and marked their ballots just as soon as the clock struck midnight. Everybody had gathered in the parlor of Mrs. Genevieve N. Annis' 125-year-old house well ahead of time, and the votes were cast, in the light of kerosene lamps, amid a fine, conspiratorial atmosphere. Mrs. Annis, the town clerk, collected and counted them quickly, recorded one absentee ballot, and, at 12:02 o'clock, proudly reported the nation's first election returns (eight votes for Eisenhower).

The rest of the U.S., too, could hardly wait to vote; an astonishing number of people got to their polling places before dawn, and by breakfast time big lines had formed outside flag-hung schools, garages, country stores and basement voting places. All day long the great outpouring of voters went steadily on.

The U.S. public had seldom been so enthusiastically belated by the public-spirited and the civic-minded. Except in Minnesota, which bars transportation of voters as a corrupt practice, there was hardly a city in which a voter could not get a lift to the polls just by picking up his telephone. In some towns he could get a free taxi ride, and in Rochester, N.Y., an ambulance was his for the asking, even if he wasn't sick. Orange City, Iowa blew its fire siren every hour on the hour to remind the apathetic that it was

Election Day. From New York to San Diego volunteer baby-sitters offered their services to voting mothers. Thousands in St. Louis turned on their porch lights as dusk fell to remind the laggards of their duty.

The vast majority of citizens, however, came to the polls with the air of people who needed no urging or reminding. The weather was fine almost everywhere, but most of the electorate acted as though it would have braved the rain, snow or a plague of grasshoppers. Mrs. Virginia Borison of Tarentum, Pa., went to the polls six hours after giving birth to a baby; an unidentified woman in Miami was informed that her "I Like Ike" skirt constituted electioneering, took it off, stood calmly by in her slip until it was her turn to vote.

It was an astonishingly quiet Election Day. A few election officials unscrewed the backs of voting machines "for mechanical reasons" and sneaked a look at the vote. There was a little minor scuffling in Albany, N.Y., a Republican pollster punched a Democratic poll watcher in the nose. In Seattle an old man who had waited in line for three hours was told that he had forgotten to register. He began to weep. "This," he sobbed, "is my last time." The crowd yelled: "Let him vote." He registered forthwith, voted and said happily: "I thank you all."

But the big phenomena of the day were the long lines of intent and patient people who shuffled slowly outside almost every polling place. In 1952 the U.S. people urgently wanted to vote. In the secrecy of the voting booth, they had their say.

Election Night

For weeks the speculation and suspense mounted and the questions multiplied. The answers went into the ballot box on Election Day. In a few hours they began to pour out. Here, measured in Eastern Standard Time, is how the ballot

* Dewey carried the state because the opposition was divided between Truman's Democrats and Henry Wallace's Progressive Party.

boxes told one of the greatest stories of this generation:

8 to 9 O'Clock. Three big campaign questions got early tentative answers: 1) How solid is the South? Virginia, whose Democratic Boss Harry Byrd had refused to work for Stevenson, gave Eisenhower an 8:30 lead of 48,000 to 34,000. Richmond, expected to go Republican, gave Eisenhower a big lead (21,866 to 14,314). In Florida, Ike not only led in the big resort cities (full of transplanted Yankees) but ran only slightly behind Stevenson in industrial and thoroughly Democratic Duval County (Jacksonville). 2) Will soldiers and veterans vote for a general? A fast count of the soldier vote in areas of New Jersey showed Eisenhower leading 2-1.

3) Will the minority vote swing away from the Democrats? One predominantly Jewish precinct in Philadelphia gave Stevenson a heavier lead than it gave Truman in 1948.

Even the expected was coming unexpectedly fast. The Hartford *Courant* declared at 7:40 p.m. that Ike had swept Connecticut. Eisenhower carried Bridgeport (pop. 159,000) by three votes—the first time since 1924 that a Republican candidate had carried this industrial city. At 8 o'clock, Republican National Chairman Arthur Summerfield looked at the results, said it might be a landslide for Ike. Less than 5% of the total vote was in by then, but almost every indicator was beginning to point Ike's way.

9 to 10. The Republican landslide in Connecticut and Ike's breakthrough in the South were confirmed. By the time a third of Connecticut's votes were in, Ike had jumped into a lead of 240,000 to 217,000; at the two-thirds mark Ike was piling up a 57% majority (v. Tom Dewey's bare 50% in 1948). From there on, the Republican Connecticut sweep was swift and devastating. At 9:30, Democratic Senator Bill Benton conceded the victory of Republican William Purtell and gloomily predicted a nationwide victory for Ike. Minutes later, Democrat A. A. Ribicoff conceded to Republican Prescott Bush in Connecticut's other Senate race.

In the South, Ike's breakthrough widened. With a third of Florida's votes recorded, Eisenhower was leading by 56%, sweeping through the big cities, rolling up the Gold Coast and whittling the normal Democratic majority in the ham-and-hominy belt of Leon County. In Virginia, with half the votes counted, the race was already over; Ike was carrying Richmond by more than 2 to 1, carrying Roanoke and Lynchburg by 2 to 1, edging ahead even in rural Cumberland and Powhatan Counties. For the first time since 1928, Virginia was swinging Republican, 111,000 to 88,000. In Maryland, the story was the same: at the halfway mark Ike led with a 55% majority, including a lead in the Democratic stronghold of Baltimore.

A few Democratic fortresses held out. Georgia gave Stevenson its twelve electoral votes. South Carolina, which gave Ike a narrow lead after 47% of the re-

turns were in, swung back to Stevenson.

At this point a cloud appeared on the Republican horizon. Philadelphia was giving Stevenson a surprising majority; with more than half the election districts recorded, Stevenson led by 86,000. Analysts had thought Ike might lose Pennsylvania if the Democratic majority in Philadelphia exceeded 100,000. The Philadelphia sweep raised the possibility that 1948 would repeat itself and the early G.O.P. lead in the nation might melt away.

But elsewhere, the Republican tide was still running full. In New Jersey, at the 10% mark, Ike led by 189,000 to 112,000. In New York, the first complete town to report was Rome. The vote: Eisenhower, 10,000 to 7,600. (In 1948, Truman had carried Rome, 6,898 to 6,197.) In Ohio, Cleveland was running 2 to 1 for Ike; in Massachusetts, the *Boston Post* called it an Ike victory at 9:45. In Indiana, Ike got off to an early lead: 88,000 to 66,000.

10 to 11. The Univac is an electronic brain which the Columbia Broadcasting System hired to provide cold and early mathematical calculation of election trends. But Univac turned out to be as cautious as a pollster in the hands of cautious masters. At 10 o'clock, an assistant to Adlai Stevenson stated in Springfield, Ill.: "The news is not good and it looks pretty grim." But it was nearly 10:30 before Univac found the same kind

of perspicacity, calculated that Ike would win by 314 electoral votes to Stevenson's 217 (or 27 million popular votes to Stevenson's 24 million).² G.O.P. Chairman Summerfield was far more positive. Said he, at 10:45: "Dwight Eisenhower has been elected President of the U.S."

Had he? Not yet certainly, but the Eisenhower tide was now rolling West. Ike was ahead from Ohio to Texas. In Texas, where Democratic Governor Allan Shivers had staked his political future on a switch, Ike was leading by 60%—mostly on the basis of city vote with many old-line, outlying Democrats yet to be heard from.

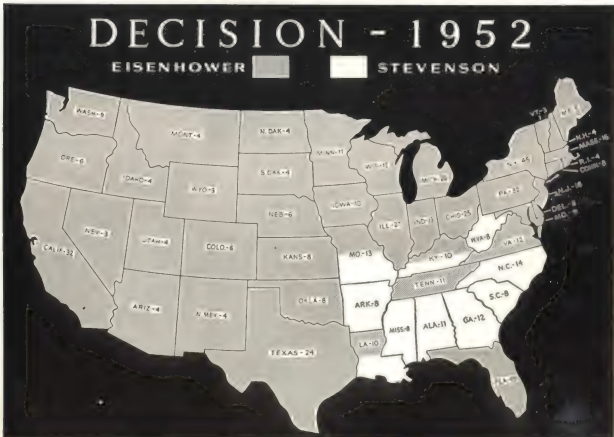
There were three big question marks in the westward advances. The first was Illinois, Governor Stevenson's home state. The governor was carrying Chicago as any good Democrat should, but his total margin in Cook County looked so small that he could not possibly overbalance the strong Republican vote downstate. (Stevenson's hand-picked successor as the Democratic candidate for governor was running ahead of Stevenson who in 1948 had run nearly half a million votes ahead of Harry Truman.) In Michigan, heavily

* Univac's first prediction, on the basis of only 3,000,000 votes, gave Ike 438 electoral votes, Stevenson 93. CBS flatly refused to believe it, cut out part of Univac's "memory," so it wouldn't be so smart. Said a CBS announcer ruefully: "It was right; we were wrong."

C.I.O. Detroit was running approximately 61% for Stevenson (slightly better than for Harry Truman in 1948), but upstate Republicans had yet to be heard from. Question mark No. 3 was Pennsylvania: Stevenson was still ahead in Pennsylvania, mostly on the perishable strength of Philadelphia, but Democratic counties in the western part of the state turned in Stevenson majorities lower than had been expected. Pennsylvania's Governor John Fine predicted that Pennsylvania was "absolutely Ike's."

Behind Ike's westward front, the G.O.P. mopping-up was going famously in the East. New York's cherished 45 electoral votes were clearly Ike's: Stevenson's lead in New York City was far short of what he needed to balance the Republicans upstate. (Stevenson finally carried New York City by only 362,674, the smallest Democratic presidential lead since 1924.) Republican Senatorial Candidate Irving Ives was rolling up the largest plurality of any G.O.P. candidate in New York history since the big sweep of Warren G. Harding. Democratic State Chairman Paul Fitzpatrick finally conceded both races.

11 to Midnight. The Republican tide rose higher in the West, washed back through the East and welled deeper into the crumbling South. By 11:20, Ike led in 34 states with 352 electoral votes, including 20 states carried by Harry Tru-



Map Made by R. Phillips

man in 1948. The popular vote: Eisenhower 8,544,000, Stevenson 7,735,000—54% for Ike.

In the Midwest, Ike swept across all the traditional political boundaries. The farmers of Ohio's Franklin township were swinging Republican by 3 to 1; a heavily labor precinct in Dayton split right down the middle: Ike 245, Stevenson 245. Ike's Ohio majority: 56%.

Oklahoma was going for Ike by 52%, Kansas by 68%, Wisconsin by 60% (with Senator Joe McCarthy well ahead of Democratic Candidate Thomas Fairchild but trailing both Ike and Governor Walter Kohler Jr.). In Minnesota, Ike was 5,600 votes ahead in St. Paul, which gave Truman a majority of 40,000 in 1948. Even Adlai Stevenson's Illinois had fallen. Ike jumped into a narrow lead, cutting sharply into Stevenson's expected majority in Chicago and rolling up so decisive a majority downstate that Democratic Boss Jake Arvey conceded before midnight.

The first returns from the mountain states and the Pacific Coast were all Ike. He led by 52½% in California, by 60% in Utah, was running well ahead in Texas. As the final figures mounted in the East, Ike was leading by 52% in Massachusetts, took the lead for the first time in Pennsylvania. Despite Stevenson's whopping majority of 162,000 in Philadelphia, Ike came back as the outstate counties reported. One example of the Eisenhower surge: the hard-coal district of Lackawanna County (Scranton), which gave Harry Truman a plurality of 18,200 gave Stevenson an edge of only 3,000.

The strength of the Republican tide sapped even the strongest Democratic citadels. South Carolina, after wavering for hours, finally led to Stevenson—but only through a quirk in the balloting. Because the Eisenhower vote was divided between two separate sets of electors, Stevenson was holding a precarious plurality.

In Tennessee and Kentucky, Stevenson led by a shaky 1,000 votes each out of nearly 1,000,000 cast. In Alabama, where Stevenson was running well ahead in the statewide count, Ike carried Mobile, the first Republican to do so since General Grant carried the state in 1872. In Rhode Island, solidly Democratic since 1924 Stevenson overcame an early Ike lead to edge ahead by a bare 1,000 votes.

12 to 1. In the first minutes of Wednesday, Stephen Mitchell, Adlai Stevenson's hand-picked chairman of the Democratic National Committee, stood like the boy on the burning deck. The Republicans had not won, he said; final returns would show a Democratic majority in Ohio and Pennsylvania. But within the hour, the Ohio Democratic state chairman conceded Ike's victory in the state (although Ohio's popular Democrat Frank Lausche was winning the governorship). In Pennsylvania, the G.O.P. pulled steadily ahead. At 12:40, the New York Times swung its Manhattan beacon northward above the neon glow of Times Square, a signal that the Times accepted the Eisenhower victory as assured.

Jake Arvey, Stevenson's faithful servant and boss of Cook County, had a more practical rationalization than Steve Mitchell. Said Arvey: "It seems like reactionary Democrats combined with Republicans to beat us." Overlooked fact staring Arvey in the face: all of Stevenson's electoral vote was coming from the Fair-Dealing South (plus West Virginia).

Just who really beat the Democrats? The indicators were beginning to clear. In New York, the state G.O.P. analysts gave heavy credit to women. In New York's big minority blocs, Ike picked up great chunks of the traditionally Democratic Irish Catholic vote, nicked considerably (contrary to political guessing) into the Jewish vote, took a good share of the Italian bloc, but could not dent the loyalty of Negroes to the Democrats. General Ike did unexpectedly well with



CHAIRMAN SUMMERFIELD

The expected came unexpectedly fast.

Manhattan's Puerto Ricans. In four Polish wards in Buffalo bitter memories of Yalta did their work; the Democratic majority dropped from 3 to 1 to 3 to 2 this time.

In Texas, now cinching an Ike victory, Ike won many cattlemen and farmers who had voted for Truman in 1948. Hemphill County, in the Panhandle, was 79.8% Democratic in 1948, but it was only 39.7% Democratic this week. In Southwest Texas, Menard county was 67% Democratic in 1948, only 32% this time.

Farmers switched in Iowa too. Ike was leading in heavily pro-labor Wapello County, in Holland-Dutch Sioux County, and in heavily Catholic Dubuque County.

In Ohio, agricultural Darke County was a good sample of intense Republican enthusiasm. Darke was 413 for Eisenhower and 116 for Stevenson (1948). Dewey 289, Truman 132). In Kentucky, a solid Democratic county like Marshall—in Alben Barkley's congressional district—

raised its G.O.P. vote from 19% in 1948 to 30% in 1952.

Even Jake Arvey could hardly classify usually Democratic Arizona as reactionary. Yet Arizona was electing a complete set of G.O.P. officials, from President on down, for the first time in the state's history. Biggest upset was the commanding lead of Barry Goldwater, Phoenix store owner and diligent Republican campaigner, over U.S. Senator Ernest McFarland, the Democratic majority leader in the Senate.

There was one new source of G.O.P. strength which Jake Arvey, of all people, should have seen most clearly. A complete new crop of young Republicans, many of them ex-Democrats, has sprung up in the nation's growing suburbs. Chicago's burgeoning suburbs cut down Stevenson's Cook County lead to about 52%, despite all Arvey could do in Chicago. In New Jersey, the suburbs were the base of unprecedented Republican strength. Much of the credit for G.O.P. suburban success could go to the irregulars of the Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon.

1 to 2. At Stevenson headquarters in Springfield, gloomy Democrats watched the wreckage of their last tottering hopes. Texas was gone, Pennsylvania was gone, Nevada was going—for the first time since 1928. So were Utah, Oregon* and Wyoming. In Washington, Ike was leading in every county. In Minneapolis, Ike turned the Democrats' 1948 majority of 30,000 into a growing Republican lead. In Rhode Island, the narrow Stevenson majority melted away, and there Ike won his most unexpected eastern victory.

The extent of the Eisenhower sweep could be measured by a change in the election summaries. By 1:30, the easiest way to report the nationwide returns was to list the states still in the Democratic column: nine Southern states with a total of 89 electoral votes. The nationwide popular vote: Ike 17,067,000, Stevenson 14,636,000.

In Springfield, Adlai Stevenson made his painful decision, conceded defeat (see below).

2 o'clock to Signoff. California's 32 electoral votes, eyed hungrily during the campaign as the meat of the struggle, turned out to be only the frosting on the cake. Politically uninhibited Los Angeles County gave Ike 58%. San Francisco, normally disciplined and Democratic, gave Ike about 52%. Much credit for the victory went to California housewives, who voted in record numbers, much to a new huddling Republican organization which got out more than 80% of the registered vote, much to the Democrats' own organizational chaos. Democratic votes did not begin to approximate Democratic hopes. Union members seemed plainly convinced that they would not be hurt by voting Republican. For example, in a highly unionized San Francisco county, Eisen-

* Whose renegade Republican Senator Wayne Morse snorted at 2 a.m.: "Eisenhower and Nixon fooled the people and won the election."

hower took an early and unexpected lead, and the Democratic Congressman was defeated.

So the story unfolded, from East to West, and faster than almost anybody thought it would. By 2:15 a.m., most of the story was told, the commentators could add no more, and one by one, the television stations began to sign off.

The Exception

Philadelphia, stubborn and alone, bucked the tide. Once the home of unreconstructed Republicanism, it became the only important area where the Democrats made big gains in 1952. Harry Truman had carried it by a mere 7,000 in 1948; Adlai Stevenson swept it by 160,000. There were several reasons for this: the heavily Democratic Jewish and Negro vote held firm; there were few defections from the Irish Democratic vote. More important, Philadelphians had thrown out their corrupt and senile city-Republican machine in 1951, and for the first time, the controlled river wards were in the hands of Democrats.

Two-Party

The power of Eisenhower's march through the South was attested in a morning-after compilation (still incomplete) by the Associated Press: in the 13 traditionally Democratic states covered, Governor Stevenson held 4,100,000 votes, but the general captured 4,000,000.

A Good Loser

Melodrama and misadventure characterized the last week of Adlai Stevenson's campaign. Five days before the election, while whistle-stopping through the East, he got word that a riot among the convicts at Illinois' Menard state penitentiary was still out of hand. Interrupting his campaign, Stevenson flew off to the prison to watch, pale and tired, as armed state troopers routed out 300 rebellious prisoners who had barricaded themselves in a cell block. Governor Stevenson, who got to the scene in time to go over the plan of action with Lieutenant Governor Sherwood Dixon and other state officials, was off again within a few hours to resume the campaign.

In his last fireside chat the night before election, the Democratic candidate flashed on the nation's TV screens accompanied by sons Borden & John Fell. Wearily he told his audience that the 14 weeks since his nomination had been "a long, long time." He went on: "Looking back, I am content. Win or lose, I have told you the truth as I see it. . . I have not done as well as I should like to have done, but I have done my best. . . ." When his TV time ran out, the governor still had several crumb sentences of his speech left to go. These he delivered in an anticlimactic five-minute broadcast an hour later.

Election night Stevenson settled down to listen to the increasingly disheartening returns on a portable radio in a ground-floor office of the Illinois governor's mansion at Springfield. At 12:40 in the morn-

ing, when Democratic hopes were clearly dead, he drove over to his election-evening campaign headquarters in Springfield's Leland Hotel. Smiling as the Democratic crowd loyally chanted "We want Stevenson," the governor, in a generous and graceful speech, conceded the election to Dwight Eisenhower. Said he: "The people have rendered their verdict, and I gladly accept it. General Eisenhower has been a great leader in war. He has been a vigorous and valiant opponent in the campaign. These qualities will now be dedicated to leading us all through the next four years. . . I urge you all to give General Eisenhower the support he will need to carry out the great tasks that lie before him. I pledge him mine."

In the course of his campaign, Adlai Stevenson had become famous for his anecdotes. None he had ever told was more



Associated Press

STEVENSON CONCEDEING

Votes did not approximate hopes.

fitting than the one which he added to his formal concession statement. Someone, he said, had once asked Lincoln how he felt after losing a political campaign. Said Stevenson: "He said he felt like a little boy who stubbed his toe in the dark. He was too old to cry, and it hurt too much to laugh."

"A Place to Start"

"This is no ordinary election eve," said Dwight Eisenhower as he closed his campaign in Boston Monday night. "This is a troubled and decisive moment in the history of man's long march from darkness toward light. . . ."

Over TV and radio from Boston's Garden, Ike made his last, best speech of the campaign. He put aside hard knocks at the opposition, to speak "in terms as simple as these—of night and day, of the evil we face and the goodness we cherish, of the tyranny we confront and the freedom we defend. . . ."

Forty years of service, in 40 years of great events, he said, had taught him the meaning of five words: "Peace, evil, unity, faith, hope." With the impressive sincerity that is the Eisenhower hallmark, he told what the five words meant to him, and how they would guide him in whatever decision the nation should give:

"Peace is the dearest treasure in the sight of free men. I have learned this the stern way—from the sight of war." So, too, had he learned of evil: "The organized evil challenging free men in their quest of peace." The great battle against Communism is above all a moral encounter, and freedom needs to gird itself with unity of all classes for the common good, with "the faith teaching us all that we are children of God," with hope "in the greatness and genius of America."

"Let's Just Stroll." Half an hour later, on the tele screen, came the Republicans' most novel message over the new medium: an hour-long program, called "Crusade in America." From Eisenhower and Nixon seated together informally in Boston, it flashed across the country, reaching party voices as distant as California's Governor Earl Warren, picking up issues of the campaign (e.g., a cinema snatch of Theron Lamer Caudle, of mink coat fame, testifying before congressional investigators), returning to Ike at midnight for a last brief appeal.

Then the general, after his 39th speech since the campaign began, entrained for his New York headquarters. For the first time in grueling weeks, he relaxed at a party aboard the train (up until 3 a.m.). At 7:15, at Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal, he seemed a little weary. "Let's just stroll," he said to Mamie, and, foregoing his usual military pace, they walked up the ramp to his waiting limousine.

They voted at 7:38, near their Morning-side Heights residence. They rested most of the day. The returns were coming in, as Ike and Mamie motored downtown to Manhattan's Commodore Hotel. The general looked in, shortly after 10 p.m., at 2,000 festive party workers gathered in the main ballroom. "Win, lose or draw," he told them in a five-minute talk, their campaign had "irrevocably removed complacency" from Washington. Victory was in the air, but Ike, in tuxedo and black tie, radiating confidence, grinning with exuberance he could not quite hide, still made no claim. "The real job is still ahead," he said, "working for a better America." The campaign had been waged for "a line of departure, a place from which to start."

"Let Us Unite." Not long after, everyone listening to the returns knew that the election had been won. Mamie, in short black lace evening dress, fairly jumped with excitement. Party veterans, like Mrs. Katherine Howard, national secretary and adviser to Ike on the women's vote, cried over & over: "I can't believe it. I can't believe it."

At 2:02 a.m., with the message of congratulation from Adlai Stevenson in his hands, smiling happily and shrugging in

mock despair as the ballroom crowd cheered deliriously. President-elect Eisenhower gave a traditional victory speech.

To his defeated opponent he had wired thanks for a "courteous and generous message" and a plea "that men and women of good will of both parties forget the political strife of the past and devote themselves to a single purpose of a better future."

Then he spoke humbly of the weight of decision and responsibility, voiced his gratitude for the crusade won, summoned the country to a new crusade: "Let us unite for the better future of America, for our children and our grandchildren. . . . We cannot now do all the job ahead of us except as a united people. . . ."

POLLS

Wrong Again

This time the pollsters were rich in experience. They had pondered & pondered their failure to find enough Democrats in 1948; they were not making that mistake again. So when their figures repeatedly showed Dwight Eisenhower running in front, the more experienced pollsters went into learned loops to explain why such figures were not to be trusted. Almost all of them stressed the "undecided" vote.

George Gallup's final poll showed:
Eisenhower 47%
Stevenson 40%
Undecided 13%

Once upon a time, Gallup would have ignored those undecideds; if he had done that this year, he would have come within 1% of Eisenhower's actual margin. But Gallup "allocated" the undecideds 2-to-1 and 3-to-1 for the Democrats. That kind of pattern this time, he told his readers, would take Eisenhower and Stevenson into 50-50 country. Some of Gallup's other

calculations brought Stevenson out ahead. Pollster Elmo Roper dwelt on "basic conflicts" in voters' minds, refused to indicate how the conflicts would be decided.

Lacking the learned background of Gallup, Roper *et al*, the New York Daily News wasted no time on the no-opinion crowd, flatly gave Eisenhower 52.1% in New York State (his indicated lead there: about 52.5%) and predicted that he would carry the state.

In many ways the best poll was one that did not approach the man in the street: Columnist David Lawrence polled the editors of daily newspapers in every state. Their verdict: Eisenhower to win with 357 electoral votes.

But the "scientific" pollsters, who were so famously wrong in 1948, were even more wrong (in a different way) in 1952. This year they were right and did not have the courage to believe themselves.



WASHINGTON'S JACKSON
Clean scoop.

THE CONGRESS

The Make-Up of the 83rd

The great Eisenhower landslide apparently carried with it a Republican majority into the House of Representatives.

Most of the steady, old hands of both parties (e.g., the Massachusetts duo, Republican Leader Joseph Martin and Democratic Leader John McCormack) will be back. One old face that will be missing: the pudgy countenance of New York's Democratic Representative Donald L. O'Toole, a Yiddish-speaking Irishman, whose Brooklyn district was carved into a new shape last year by the Republican state legislature. In the new district, which gerrymanders through Brooklyn taking in some safe G.O.P. territory, the veteran O'Toole (eight terms) lost to Republican Lawyer Francis E. Dorn.

The Eisenhower uprising dropped Republicans into some seats which have long



PEGGY FLORMAN
NEW YORK'S IVES
No trouble.

been warmed by Democrats. Harry Truman's home district in Missouri (the Fourth) elected a Republican Representative for the first time in 22 years, Virginia, which had not elected a Republican Congressman since 1930, gave three of its ten House seats to the G.O.P. Arizona, which had never sent a Republican to the House, elected Republican John Rhodes over Democratic Incumbent John Murdock.

In the Senate, the division is so close that numerical control—important because it means control of Senate committees and committee chairmanships—was still in doubt long after control of the House was decided. But in the light of Eisenhower's decisive victory, many a Democrat will probably be eager to cooperate with the new Administration. Several Southern Senators, e.g., Texas Ikeman Price Daniel, who takes over Tom Connally's seat, are certain to vote like Republicans although they wear the Democratic label.

The Republicans' nine "safe" seats were held as expected: Maine's Governor Frederick G. Payne had been promoted to the Senate in the State's September election, California's Senator William F. Knowland was the nominee of both parties, Nebraska's Senator Hugh Butler and ex-Governor Dwight Griswold were easy winners, Vermont's Ralph Flanders, North Dakota's William Langer, Minnesota's Edward Thyne and New York's Irving Ives had no trouble. In Ohio, mellifluous John Bricker easily defeated wisecracking Mike DiSalle, former U.S. price boss.

In addition to Texan Daniel, five Democrats claimed their sure seats: the five; Mississippi's John C. Stennis, Florida's Spessard L. Holland, Virginia's Harry Byrd, Rhode Island's John O. Pastore, all incumbents, and Representative Albert Gore.

Among the Republican victors were two Senators the Democrats held up as



DELAWARE'S WILLIAMS
Better than ancestry.



Associated Press

CONNECTICUT'S BUSH Two in one.

objects for national scorn. In Wisconsin, red-hunting Senator Joe McCarthy, denounced by Democratic campaigners from coast to coast, ran far behind Eisenhower in defeating Democrat Thomas E. Fairchild. McCarthyites had predicted that McCarthy would help Ike carry the state.

In Indiana, Senator William E. Jenner, a blatant isolationist, barely managed to turn back Democratic Governor Henry Schricker's strong bid for the Senate seat.

In Delaware, Senator John ("Whispering Willie") Williams, the chicken-feed dealer who started the Internal Revenue Bureau scandal exposures, outran Lieut. Governor Alexis I. du Pont Bayard. Williams' standing as an exposé of corruption enabled him to overcome the formidable qualifications of Bayard, who comes from a direct line of five U.S. Senators (from his father to his great-great-grandfather), and whose mother is a du Pont.

Other Republican winners:

In Connecticut, Republicans held one seat and picked up another. Recently appointed Senator William A. Purtell, a Hartford manufacturer, ran so far ahead of Senator William Benton, a onetime adman, that Benton conceded three hours after the polls closed. In the race for the second Senate seat (a four-year term to replace the late Brien McMahon), Prescott Bush, member of the same Wall Street brokerage firm as Averell Harriman, beat Representative Abraham Ribicoff, the best Democratic vote-getter in the state.

In Maryland, Representative J. Glenn Beall scored a surprise victory for the seat vacated by Democratic Senator Herbert R. O'Connor. Beall beat George P. Mahoney, a popular Baltimore contractor.

In New Jersey, Senator H. Alexander Smith, 72 an early Eisenhower supporter, defeated Archibald Alexander, Wall Street lawyer who had served briefly as Under Secretary of the Army.

In Utah, Republican Arthur Vivian Watkins, 65, lawyer, weekly newspaper publisher and onetime district judge, who volunteered to run for the Senate in 1946 when nobody else thought a Republican could win, won re-election against Representative Walter K. Granger, who was Utah's only New Deal Congressman to survive in 1946.

In Nevada, the Republican incumbent, windy, British-baiting George W. ("Molly") Malone, 62, soundly trounced Democrat Thomas Mechling, 31. Democratic Senator Pat McCarran, who bitterly hates Senator Malone and does not speak to him, nevertheless supported him in revenge against Fair Dealer Mechling, an ex-Washington newsman who surprised everybody by snatching the Democratic nomination from McCarran's machine.

In Pennsylvania, Republican Edward Martin, 73, who has not been defeated for

troublesome preconvention months: Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. In Massachusetts, poodle-haired, young (35) Representative John Kennedy narrowly defeated Lodge's bid for a fourth term. Kennedy, able son of Joseph Kennedy, onetime U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, had poured out the Kennedy family's funds and charm in one of the most intensive Senate campaigns Massachusetts had ever seen. Among his campaign fillips were teas given by his three beautiful sisters and his mother, where thousands of Massachusetts women sipped tea, ate cakes and were warmly greeted by the candidate.

In Washington, rasping Senator Harry Cain, who lost the good will of his constituents by failing to back or actually attacking public power bills and farm programs, lost a close race to Fair-Dealing Congressman Henry ("Scoop") Jackson.

In Missouri, W. Stuart Symington ousted Republican James Kem, whose isolationist record in the Senate had been attacked by the Democrats as a national bad example. Symington, onetime St. Louis industrialist (Emerson Electric Manufacturing Co.) who has held five top U.S. Government posts in the past seven years (among them: Secretary of the Air Force, administrator of the RFC), is a close friend of Ike Eisenhower, can be expected to cooperate with the new President.

In West Virginia, Democratic Senator Harley Kilgore, running under the friendly gaze of John L. Lewis and 115,000 United Mine Workers' Union members, was seriously challenged but managed to defeat former Republican Senator Chapman Revercomb.

Many hours after the polls had closed, four Senate races were still so close that the outcome was doubtful.

In New Mexico, Republican Patrick



United Press

MISSOURI'S SYMINGTON Sure to cooperate.

political office in half a century of politicking, won again, over former Federal Judge Guy K. Bard. A onetime Democrat and son of a sheep-raiser, Martin turned when Grover Cleveland took the high tariff off imported wool. A wounded veteran of World War I, Martin commanded Pennsylvania's 28th Division (as a major general) prior to World War II.

In Wyoming, popular Governor Frank A. Barrett, who had served three terms in Congress before he was elected governor, defeated one of the Senate's Democratic leaders, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, who ranked seventh (19 years) in Senate seniority.

In Kentucky, former Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, a scholarly lawyer who enlisted as a private in World War II at the age of 41, ousted Democratic Senator Tom Underwood.

Among the Republican Senators who lost, ironically, was the man who guided Dwight Eisenhower's campaign during the



United Press

NEBRASKA'S GRISWOLD Easy did it.

Hurley, Secretary of War under Herbert Hoover and a Roosevelt emissary to China and Russia, was running a seesaw race with Democratic Senator Dennis Chavez.

In Arizona, Republican Barry Goldwater, a department-store operator who campaigned by airplane, was running ahead of Senate Majority Leader Ernest McFarland.

In Michigan, Republican Representative Charles E. Potter, a legless World War II veteran, was ahead of Democratic Senator Blair Moody, ex-newspaper man who was making his first political race.

In Montana, veteran (five terms) Democratic Representative Mike Mansfield was leading Republican Senator Zales N. Eaton.

GOVERNORS

The Rolling Tide

The Republicans swept into the nation's statehouses too. Of the 30 governorships to be filled, the G.O.P. took 19* for sure, and seemed to have an even chance in two more where the result was still in doubt on the morning after. Outside the South, only four Democratic standard-bearers were left with their heads clearly above water.

The Republicans re-elected their incumbent governors in twelve states: Arizona, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin. They also won in Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Nebraska and New Hampshire.

As expected, the Democrats won handily in Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas, and clung to their capitols in Missouri, Ohio, Rhode Island and West Virginia.

Among the principal contests:

Illinois. Republican William G. Stratton, 38, defeated Adlai Stevenson's lieutenant governor, Sherwood Dixon, by at least 175,000 votes. Dixon took an early lead, but could not hold it.

Massachusetts. Paul Dever, the Democratic incumbent and the hoarse, perspiring National Convention keynoter, found himself in a seesaw battle with Republican Congressman Christian Herter. Dever's great strength was in Boston, which he carried by more than 120,000 votes (while Stevenson was carrying it by only 65,000). But it was not quite enough. Scholarly Christian Herter carried the state by more than 15,000.

Michigan. Republican Fred Alger and Democratic Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams battled each other in another hairbreadth affair. By the morning after, Alger held a 35,000 lead, and Soapy's only hope seemed to be in the lagging returns from some strong Democratic districts.

Ohio. In Ohio, many a Democrat considered Democratic Governor Frank J. Lausche too conservative; many a Re-



Illinois' STRATTON
He overtook a lieutenant.

publican considered Bob Taft's younger brother, Charles P. Taft, too liberal. In the showdown, Democrat Lausche kept his seat, took the state with a majority of more than 300,000—the best showing of any Democratic governorship candidate outside the South.

WELFARE

Red Feather

Amid the din of election, some 1,600 American communities spread across the 48 states did not forget another autumn campaign: the annual Red Feather drive for charity. Two million volunteers, under the national leadership of Community

Chests and Councils of America, Inc., are ringing doorbells, drumming up donations. The Red Feather campaigners expect to raise \$250 million for 1952, bettering last year's mark by \$10 million.

The Community Chest collections are a typical voluntary American enterprise. Denver began them in 1887, when ten charitable agencies united for one efficient fund-raising and fund-sharing drive. New Orleans in 1928 added the red feather as the symbol of united giving ("a feather in your cap"). Today, the millions contributed to well-organized community chests are distributed among some 47,000 services. Among them: Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Visiting Nurses, Salvation Army, settlement houses, neighborhood centers, etc. Since the Korean war, one of the Red Feather agencies is the United Defense Fund, which includes such servicemen's agencies as the U.S.O.

Each in its own way, the 1,600 American communities are carrying on the charitable work:

CHICAGO. led by Pullman Co. President Carroll R. Harding, aimed for \$9,870,000. The campaign was run with railroad lingo: "section bosses" for soliciting from large firms, trades & industries, general business; "Red Feather Specials" won "Golden Lantern" awards for best time toward "Shoptaville."

OMAHA, NEB. (goal: \$1,194,262) keyed its appeal to last April's flood. At all downtown street crossings appeared sandbag piles and posters proclaiming that "the dikes against despair" and the dangers of "disease, dependency, delinquency and desertion" need sandbags too.

GREAT FALLS, MONT. (goal: \$100,000) mounted a big red plywood rooster on the marquee of a department store. Each \$20.00 raised supplied the bird with one feather for its tail.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. went all out to raise \$1,168,750, the largest sum it ever collected in a voluntary drive. Six thousand volunteers went from door to door, decorated store windows, took part in rallies for shops and factories.

GAINESVILLE, GA. which numbers 11,936 people, fixed itself a quota of \$34,538. On its streets last week, practically every electric power and telephone pole bore Red Feather placards and the slogan "Give." Over the two local radio stations, at 30-minute intervals, sounded one loud knock, then seven more knocks, and finally a voice saying, "You'd rather have your door knocked once than seven times, wouldn't you? Give to the Community Chest!" (The knocks referred to the seven local agencies for which funds were being sought.)

DALLAS, TEXAS (goal: \$1,026,666) tied in its highly successful and dignified appeal with the community churches.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA (goal: \$234,684), which has had united charities campaigns since 1914, went about the 1952 drive with seasoned team spirit. Schoolchildren competed in an essay contest. Topic: "My Favorite Red Feather Agency."



Ohio's LAUSCHE
He beat a younger brother.

* Including Maine's, in last September's election.

WAR IN ASIA

BATTLE OF KOREA

Profit & Loss

On the scarred and blood-soaked central front last week, the tirelessly burrowing Chinese Reds eluded the full brunt of U.N. artillery and air by shrewd use of caves, tunnels, deep approach trenches. They attacked mostly at night, when U.N. close-support planes were on the ground. Flares, star shells, tracers and the full moon gave some light, but not enough for the day-loving U.N. The Chinese used mortar smokebombs to hide their movements by day. On attack, they advanced recklessly through their own or U.N. artillery fire, and when Communist and U.N. units were closely engaged, the Chinese put their barrages indiscriminately on both.

Last month, when the Eighth Army won Triangle Hill and Sniper Ridge, on the rugged sector north of Kumhwa, it was a joint effort by South Koreans and by Americans of the U.S. 7th Division (TIME, Oct. 27). Later, Triangle as well as Sniper was taken over by Koreans of the ROK 2nd Division, commanded by Lieut. General Chung Il Kwon, who last week was appointed deputy commander of Major General Reuben E. Jenkins' IX Corps.* Chung's men stood fast against continuous Chinese probes, and General Mark Clark, on a tour of the front lines, praised them for "magnificent fighting."

Little Green-Clad Figures. But the Chinese were not through, by any means. At 7 a.m. one night last week, they attacked Triangle with two or three battalions in line. This first sally was beaten off, but the ROKs on the crest were weakened. An hour later the enemy reformed and came on again; this time he overran the summit. Of three ROK companies which disappeared under the Red tide, 175 survivors were rounded up later. The Chinese were finally stopped at the southern foot of Triangle's steep slopes. If they advanced any farther, they would imperil the U.N. supply bases and communication lines around Kumhwa.

U.N. planes and artillery gave the hill mass a thorough working over, but failed to dislodge the dug-in Reds. The ROKs counterattacked in a rain, without air support; they slipped and floundered on the greasy slopes, and were pinned down just short of the top. Angriily they counterattacked again, supported by a tremendous U.N. artillery shoot. They were met by withering small-arms fire and showers of grenades, and the Red artillery caught them in the open. "Human flesh could stand no more," wrote A.P. Correspondent John Randolph. "The little green-clad figures leaped and ran again, but this time down the hill, away from the deadly shell fragments and screaming rocket splinters."

Poor Posture. Elsewhere along the front, Red probes were beaten back, most notably by U.S. marines on a hill called the Hook. There was no sign of a major Communist breakthrough, but the U.N. had little to be cheerful about. The Communists were losing thousands of men, but probably not nearly so many as the Eighth Army's free-handed statisticians claimed. In any case, the enemy seemed to be fighting this phase of the war on a cold-blooded profit & loss calculation. He apparently felt that he could absorb his losses in men & material more comfortably than the Eighth Army could absorb its own losses. In number of guns he out-matched Van Fleet's artillery. Because of U.N. material shortages, especially in artillery, some well-trained ROK units could not be equipped for combat. The U.S., rearming at half-speed and overtaxed by global commitments, was in poor posture for a war of attrition, whereas the Communists had profited greatly from 16 months of buildup.

U. S. WAR CASUALTIES

Latest Defense Department figures show 1278 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea during one week's action, the biggest since November 1951, bringing total U.S. battle casualties to 123,395. The breakdown:

DEAD	21,471
WOUNDED	89,263
MISSING	10,793
CAPTURED	1,868

Baited Hook

It was the longest speech (3 hr. 39 min.) ever made to U.N. members in General Assembly history, but all Russia's Andrei Vishinsky had to say was summed up in a 97-word proposed resolution: the job of bringing an end to the war in Korea should be handed over to a U.N. commission composed of "the parties directly concerned." This meant, obviously, North and South Korea, the U.S. and some, or all, of the U.N. allies; but would it also include Red China and Russia? Mr. Vishinsky did not say.

Vague about the shape of the commission, he was specific on its main problem: repatriation of prisoners of war—said to be the crucial problem holding up agreement at Panmunjom. "The question at issue is one of the free expression of will by prisoners," he said, "but such free expressions are not likely in prison camp conditions under the muzzles of machine guns." Russia took its stand beside the Geneva Convention of 1949 (the U.S. did not sign), which provides for the repatriation of prisoners "without any reservations or restrictions."

In his speech on Korea five days earlier, Dean Acheson had quoted from 15 treaties made between 1918 and 1921 in which the Soviet Union had agreed to voluntary

repatriation of prisoners of war. Vishinsky last week denounced them as having been "imposed on the young and weak Soviet state by its strong enemies," but he did not deny the voluntary repatriation principle as it applied in some of the treaties—e.g., the non-return of British soldiers, captured during the 1917 Civil War, who decided to stay in the new Soviet state.

In Vishinsky's formal proposal, some French observers saw hope of an eventual compromise. Others saw it for what it was: a baited hook. At Panmunjom, Red China stands in the background behind the North Korean delegates, but if it got on a U.N. commission, as one of the "parties concerned," its new position would be official recognition, and possibly lead to full U.N. membership. Briskly, Britain's Selwyn Lloyd cut through the Vishinsky verbiage to the core of the problem: "Unless the Soviet Union accepts the principle of non-forcible repatriation, a new commission is useless; if it does accept it, a new commission is unnecessary."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Next Move: Giap's

A cold rain was falling. On the west bank of the Black River, the French were loading an ambulance with wounded. Into the top shelf went a Frenchman with face wounds; into the middle shelf, a Vietnamese whose left foot had been blown off by a mine. Around his head lay grimy salvage from his pockets: a wallet, a watch, a rosary, bits of candy. Into the bottom shelf went a Moslem with a shattered leg, his bared, shaven head showing the tuft of hair by which Allah would raise him to heaven after death. The guy ropes of the medical tent sagged under a load of bloodstained surgical linen. As a handful of visitors, including TIME's John Dowling, approached the tent, a weary French surgeon stepped out and said, with exquisite *sang-froid*: "I am enchanted to see you, messieurs."

After the fall of Nghia Lo Nov. 3, some 20,000 Viet Minh (Communist) guerrillas, supported by an equal number of pack coolies, fanned out in the tube-shaped area between the Red and Black Rivers, as if their commander, General Vo Nguyen Giap, intended to force the Black in strength. Last week France's General Raoul Salan countered this move, which had alarmed the French, by an airlift of troops, arms and supplies to the Black's west bank. He also dispatched a force from the Hanoi perimeter to the confluence of the two rivers. This force occupied the war-battered village of Hunghoa, cut two Communist communication lines, and threatened the left flank of Giap's three divisions between the rivers. It seemed possible that the Reds would have to retreat or come out and fight in the open, where French planes and artillery could get at them. In any case, the next move was General Giap's.

* The first time a South Korean has been given such high rank in a U.S. command.

NEWS IN PICTURES



MAU MAU TERROR: Native police guard loyal chief (left), whose life was threatened by the death-dealing, anti-white group now on

violent rampage in East Africa's Kenya Colony (see FOREIGN NEWS). Below: a British patrol sets off to round up Kikuyu tribe suspects.





SYMBOL OF DOOM: A dead cat, left hanging from a bent sapling in a forest clearing, bears a threat written in blood that any person

who works for whites "will be destroyed by the power of this oath." Some 5,000 suspected Mau Mau members are in police compounds.

Associated Press

INTERNATIONAL

MIDDLE EAST

Solution in the Sudan

"Unity of the Nile Valley"—joining the Sudan to Egypt—has been the Egyptian version of "Remember the Maine" and "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." For half a century, no clever Egyptian politician would be caught in the open before a crowd without echoing this familiar vote-catching cry. One day last week, Egypt's strong man of three months, General Mohammed Naguib, who likes to call himself a simple soldier, scratched pen on paper, and the issue and the cry vanished. Instead of insisting on sole control of the Sudan, Naguib agreed to let the Sudanese

iscite, to be administered by an international commission, is to restrict the choices to two—complete independence or union with Egypt. There would be no opportunity to choose dominion status within the British Commonwealth.

Nonetheless, in London last week, the Foreign Office was chirpy with pleasure, a sensation its African department had almost forgotten how to feel. The British have long insisted that they are prepared to get out of the Sudan as long as the Sudanese are left to themselves (and presumably advised discreetly by the British). Even better would be an agreement whereby the Egyptians, Sudanese and British could be friends again in the vul-

the Israelis accused the Arab spokesmen of being Nazi-minded. Then, everybody got down to talking figures. They settled finally on \$23 million to sustain life in 880,000 people for one year—\$5,000,000 more than last year, but \$4,000,000 less than the Arabs asked.

Stopgap. The U.N.'s millions are a stopgap, not a solution. Four years of living on a dole has turned the Arab refugee camps into centers of Communism and extremist agitation. Even the unsavory Grand Mufti, who used to control the camps, has recently lost out to the more radical agitators. So long as the refugee camps exist, stability in the Middle East is impossible.

Last week there was one leader in the Arab world who seemed to know what to do and to be willing to do it. In a third-floor office in the Syrian general staff headquarters in Damascus, flanked by clanging phones and beset by sniffles and fatigue, Strongman Colonel Adib Shisheky held in his tough fists the key that might possibly unlock the refugee problem. He has just signed an agreement with the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for a \$30 million project to irrigate the potentially rich, unpopulated and undeveloped northern stretches of his country. On this reclaimed land he expects to settle every last one of the 80,000 refugees in Syria—each with work and housing.

Solution. The idea has to be sold skillfully. The refugees, or at least their leaders, regard any attempt to resettle them permanently in foreign lands as a betrayal of their dedication to Palestine. Yet the reality is that they cannot go home again: the Israelis have already given their land to Jews. Colonel Shisheky labeled his project simply "amelioration of the lot of refugees," and it was accepted. He impressed the need for caution on the U.N. Though the agreement is signed & sealed, U.N. headquarters in New York last week referred all inquiries to Damascus.

There Shisheky too was diplomatically vague about his refugee resettlement program, and preferred to talk about land reform and reclamation. Lighting a Pall Mall, he said: "We hope the democratic countries—first of which is the U.S.—will help us. With money we can raise the standards of our people and fight bad ideas which are coming from . . . He paused, leaving the sentence incomplete. His secretary, a young, English-speaking lieutenant, smiled and said: "You know what country the colonel means."

WESTERN EUROPE

A Sense of Vacuum

"As the world is knit together today there is nowhere where American influence does not count, nowhere where it may not be markedly beneficent," wrote London's *Spectator* last week. "Nothing indeed demonstrates that more clearly than the sense of vacuum created when



SUDAN'S EL MAHDI & EGYPT'S NAGUIB
A tolerable way out of the intolerable.

themselves, operating under a new constitution, decide their own political future.

This surprising accord was hammered out in eight days of talks in Cairo with white-bearded, wealthy Sir Abdel Rahman El Mahdi of Sudan.* They agreed that the Sudanese should elect a legislative assembly by year's end, and thereafter practice full home rule under the supervision of the British governor general. Then, within three years, by Dec. 31, 1955 at the latest, the 8,000,000 Sudanese are to vote again on whether they want to remain independent or join Egypt.

This agreement is remarkably like one Britain has long been trying to sell—over stout Egyptian opposition. The most important differences: 1) the British governor general would now be hemmed in by advisers; 2) before the second vote is taken, all British forces are to be withdrawn from the Sudan and the civil services are to be "Sudanized"; 3) the pleb-

nerable, volatile Middle East. Said the Manchester *Guardian*: "We should be ready to take the rough with the smooth if we can secure a tolerable way out of what seemed a little time ago to be an impasse." Said the *Economist*: "For the first time for very many years an Egyptian statesman has publicly given Great Britain the benefit of the doubt."

Colonel with the Key

The U.N. truce of 1949 settled the Arab-Israeli fighting, but not the fate of the 880,000 Arab refugees who fled Palestine. They straggled into camps scattered all over the Middle East and settled down to a wretched life in crowded hovels, with bad food, no sanitation, little schooling for their children and increasingly less hope. Each year the U.N. has thrown an embarrassed money handout to the refugees. Last week the annual handout kicked up a brief but bitter fight.

Before the General Assembly's Special Political Committee, Arab delegates charged that "Zionist terrorism" had forced the refugees to flee their homes;

* And son of the famed Mahdi whose forces seized Khartoum in 1885, and were finally routed by Kitchener.

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**KENTUCKY
TAVERN**
DECANTER

America has for a brief interval to mark time in her diplomatic activity." In Paris, the Socialist *Le Populaire* waited less patiently for the U.S. election to be over: "This period of uncertainty . . . has been largely responsible for the many misunderstandings between European states and the U.S. in . . . the last few weeks."

"Unhappy State." The sense of vacuum resulted partly from the State Department's tendency to postpone hard decisions; but shrewd foreign offices abroad also hesitated to accept promises from or make commitments to a State Department whose mandate was hanging on an election. And so, without effective prodding from the U.S., the European Army plan languished, unratified by the two most important nations in it, France and Germany. France aired its grievances against the U.S. (TIME, Nov. 3); NATO adjured its member nations to meet their 1952 armament targets, and feared they wouldn't. In Britain last week, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden announced that he would visit the U.S. and seek an interview with the new President. Proposed agenda: 1) "the unhappy state of affairs" in the Atlantic alliance; 2) a "rather fundamental reconsideration of the attitude of the Western allies toward each other."

Self Reliance. This rather fundamental reconsideration has been going on for months as one European nation after another found its feet and began chafing uneasily under its "client-patron" relationship with the U.S. European governments, reported New York Times Correspondent Michael Hoffman in Geneva, "are awfully tired of feeling dependent on the United States."

Sometimes the surge toward self-reliance bursts into the kind of truculence, resentment or restiveness that sets American taxpayers to muttering about rank ingratitude. In Britain, the yellow press makes cheap capital out of the so-called "G.I. problem," involving 35,000 U.S. servicemen manning U.S. bomber bases there. In Italy, a U.S. official reported that he could detect "by osmosis" that Italians are getting a little tired of U.S. advice.

But, much more healthily, Europe's businessmen are conducting an all-out campaign for "Trade, Not Aid." Last week, five U.S. allies—Denmark, The Netherlands, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—charged that U.S. tariff restrictions on imported dairy products are a flagrant violation of the worldwide General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). "It is incomprehensible," said a Danish delegate to GATT, "that the U.S. prefers to continue to assist us through dollar grants from the American taxpayer . . . instead of allowing us to pay in goods for dollars we urgently need to buy American products." The Dutch, even angrier, slapped a retaliatory tariff on U.S. flour imports.

In short, part of the vehemence reflects the fact that the patient is getting well enough to feel cantankerous.



Operation Pullback

Between the Baltic Sea and the Bavarian Alps, the U.S., Britain and France have a string of air bases equal to any in the world. Inherited from the Nazis, the accommodations at these bases reflect the care that Hermann Göring lavished on his pet *Luftwaffe*. Runways (extended by the jet-flying allies) are long and smooth, operations buildings snugly efficient, living quarters furnished down to the last monogrammed china dinner service.* Only snag about the old German system of air bases: it faces the wrong way. The best of the fields, i.e., those in the Reich's rear areas, have two irremediable defects: 1) they are uncomfortably close to the Iron Curtain—many of them less than ten minutes by jet; 2) their supply lines run back eastward toward Soviet Germany. "The U.S. Air Force in Germany," cracked a U.S. staff officer after the fields had been taken over, "is ideally deployed to fight France."

New Frontier. The only solution was to pull back from Göring's finest bases to safer territory on the west bank of the Rhine, far enough away from the Iron Curtain to give allied planes a chance to get into the air before being overrun by Russian *Panthers*. Slowly, painfully slowly, NATO began building a brand-new air frontier, 100 to 250 miles farther back, in France and the Low Countries.

* Göring's favorite airfield, Fürstenfeldbruck (Furst, to G.I.s), had stained glass windows in the officers' club, special leather chairs, 40 in. broad in the seat, for the *Reichsmarschall's* personal use. Its related men were housed in the Kilometer Building, a single building 3,850-ft.-long, which is now the most comfortable barracks in the U.S. Air Force.

To pay for the new bases, NATO has already put up \$750 million (the U.S. share: about 40%) and laid down plans for "standard bases," designed to suit the operational requirements of all participating air forces. Specifications for the standard fields: 8,000-ft. runways (a compromise between the U.S.A.F.'s demand for 9,000 ft. and the R.A.F.'s insistence that 6,000 ft. is plenty); standardized lighting, storage and fueling facilities. Beyond these bare essentials, each air force builds its own barracks, canteens and bowling alleys—at its own expense. To get a standard airfield ready for occupation by Americans, the U.S. shells out an extra \$12 to \$18 million.

There were endless delays. French peasants refused to part with their land; wasteful engineering, hurry-up construction and sloppy workmanship resulted in lumpy, sagging runways that chipped under the weight of taxiing aircraft. Yet, one by one, good serviceable runways are being finished. Last week in the vital Central European Tactical Zone (see map), there were three times as many 8,000-ft. runways as there were a year ago. By the end of 1952, 60 big bases will be combat-ready.

Buildup. In France to investigate Washington reports of "slow progress, bad conditions and bottlenecks," General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, U.S.A.F. Chief of Staff, found his crews living in damp, crowded tents, tramping across muddy fields to exhumate crates of spare parts stacked in the open for lack of hangar space. Ground controllers still radio instructions to hovering planes from the backs of olive-drab trucks, parked near the runways. At the 48th Fighter Bomber's bleak, bare base at Chaumont, the Chief of Staff saw



CORNHUSKER CARLSON & FRIENDS
"Oiyoioi, oiyoioi!"

United Shaker

G.I.s, muffled in parkas, working in a slashing downpour to convert their flapping tents into wooden hutments.

Conditions are improving, and U.S. General Lauris Norstad, NATO air commander in Central Europe, promised to have every one of his men in warm hutments before winter sets in. Impressed after five days' touring, Hoyt Vandenberg reported morale "damned good."

He raised it still higher with his biggest piece of news. Within a week or two, the first U.S. F-86 Sabre jets will be landed in Europe to replace F-84 Thunderjets. A Canadian wing stationed in France is already flying Sabre jets. With F-86s, battle-tested in Korea and equipped to deliver tactical A-bombs, U.S. fighter pilots will at last feel able to cope with the Russian MIGs, if they have to.

Elmer

Cigarettes drooping mournfully from the corners of their mouths, the French farmers clustered in the cornfield, waiting for the show to begin. A bottle of wine protruded from the hip pocket of one, a long loaf of bread from another. Professor Jay C. Hackleman, a University of Illinois agronomist on loan to the Mutual Security Agency, mounted the corn wagon. "Where's Elmer?" somebody whispered. In a moment Elmer Carlson, 43, a bronzed, strapping Iowa farmer and onetime U.S. national cornhusking champion, was found—on hands & knees inspecting a newfangled carbide scarecrow. Looking like a miniature 75-mm. cannon and operating on the same principle as a flash buoy, it was like nothing Elmer had ever seen in Iowa. He left it reluctantly, to join the professor in the corn wagon.

"We're very pleased to see you here," the professor began, through an interpreter. "It shows your interest in hybrid corn . . ." BOOM! went the crow-chaser. The professor went on with his lecture.

The Frenchmen shuffled their feet and watched Elmer, who was nonchalantly strapping an evil-looking husking hook to his right wrist. At last the speech was over, and Elmer strode into the cornfield. He seized an ear or two, ripped the husks open with his hook and tossed them into the wagon. One of the Frenchmen spat. Then Elmer took off his shirt. "Okay, Thorson," he called to his companion, a onetime Iowa farmboy now clerking at the U.S. Embassy in Paris. "Let's go!"

Corn on the Bang-Board. Down they went like angry threshing machines through the rows of hybrid corn, grabbing an ear of corn in the left hand, ripping open the husk with the hook, seizing the ear with the right hand, tearing the husk open with the left, snapping the stripped ear off with the right and flipping it against the bang-board of the wagon, all in a single uninterrupted operation. The pair tossed corn with machine-gun precision, hitting the bang-board with a new ear every second or oftener. "Oiyoioi, oiyoioi!" shrieked one of the astounded French farmers, seizing his spinning head in both hands. When all the corn was husked, everybody gathered around to try out the hooks. Even the local priest joined in the trials, while Elmer passed out pencils stamped with his picture.

Since mid-September, Elmer has done his act over & over for the benefit of farmers in Italy, France and Holland, all of which are increasing their corn crop, to save import dollars. MSA figured that the farmers could raise even more if they learned to harvest in the traditional U.S. style instead of lugging each ear home to be stripped at a husking bee around the family hearth.

Donkey in the Lobby. The French took to the idea from the very beginning. Last week, when Elmer left to go on to Holland, the French farmers insisted he come back once more and teach them to teach

still others before he left for good. Elmer promptly accepted the invitation. For one thing, it will give him a chance to buy one of those cannon scarecrows. An uninhibited man who startled the Democratic conventioners in Chicago last July by leading a live donkey into the lobby of the Palmer House, Elmer badly wants a cannon scarecrow to take home to Iowa; he thinks he might even set it up on the rail of his ship and "let go a real Iowa salute" at the Statue of Liberty on the way home.

IDEOLOGIES

The Black Coats

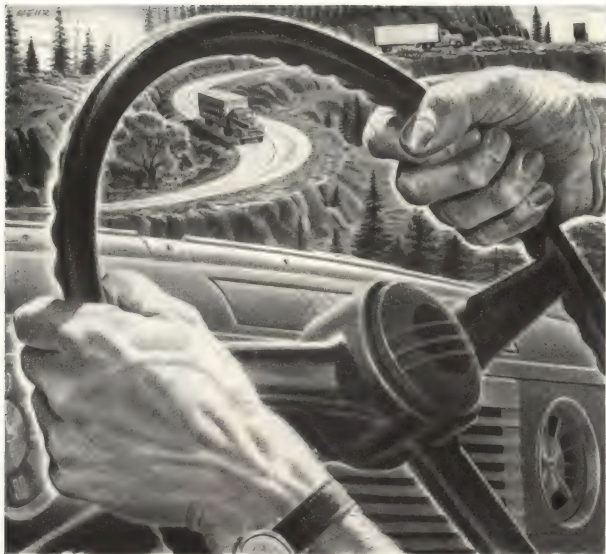
Adolf Hitler called them the "Order of Good Blood," and gave them for a symbol a grinning death's-head. In ten dreadful years, they butchered millions, making good their master's boast that men should "grow sick at the sight of [their] black coats." At Nürnberg, before the court of world opinion, they were forever condemned for crimes against humanity. Yet last week the SS (full name: *Schutzstaffel*) marched again, jack boots ringing on the cobblestones of the garrison town of Verden in lower Saxony.

Steel Helmets. The occasion seemed harmless: since SS troops are not eligible for veterans' pensions, two former generals of SS combat divisions had formed an SS old soldiers society; last week they held a rally in Verden's soccer stadium. From all over Germany, even from South America, came more than 5,000 delegates. Welcomed by the *Bürgermeister*, the SSmen made merry in Verden's beer gardens.

Then came the rally. Hitler's favorite paratrooper, General Bernhard ("Papa") Ramcke, 63, was supposed to give a three-minute talk—for old times' sake. Instead, he launched a savage attack on the "real war criminals"—the Western Allies. The criminals, Ramcke bellowed into a swelling torrent of applause, "are not the German front-line soldiers . . . They are those who made the Versailles Treaty . . . who shattered German cities . . . who dropped atomic bombs on Nagasaki . . . who are producing new atomic bombs."

Black Lists. Hastily the rally's organizers passed along notes to the speaker, urging him first to moderate his language, then to sit down. But Ramcke ground on like a Tiger tank. I am proud, he roared, to have been on the "black lists" of the Allies. "One day they will become the lists of honor." At that the SSmen leaped to their feet, jack boots stamping. "Eisenhower Schweinehund," they chanted.

Next day, the air waves from Bonn dripped embarrassed apologies. From the SS generals who organized the rally came a contrite disavowal of everything old Ramcke had said—but no explanation of the cheers Ramcke's words had got. Konrad Adenauer's government issued the understatement of the week: "[Ramcke] should realize that his remarks cannot bolster Germany's reputation in the world."



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FOREIGN NEWS

GREECE

Reds in the Middle

The first effects of the new Kremlin twist—back to Popular Fronts—was felt in Greece last week. There, with a national election only a week off, the Communists were switching to middle-of-the-road political parties. The orders came via "bandit radio" from Rumania, with the voice of exiled Communist leader Nicholas Zachariades telling Greeks to vote for Premier Nicholas Plastiras' National Progressive Union of the Center in the Nov. 16 general election. While naming Plastiras "a traitor . . . an enemy of the people and an agent of Americanocracy," Zachariades said Communist



GREEK RALLY'S PAPAGOS
From the bandit radio . . .

voters must aim at "getting the highest possible democratic concentration," particularly on local slates. The reason: "The [Communists] personally despise the executioner, Papagos, much more."

Collapsing Coalition. Despair was hardly the word. The Communists mortally hate and fear aging (68) Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, who in 1949, with U.S. help, defeated the Communists on the battlefield. Greece's No. 1 military hero (commander in chief of Greek forces in World War II) might long ago have been Greece's No. 1 political leader but for a personal quarrel with King Paul. His Greek Rally Party polled the largest number of seats in the last election, but the King snubbed the Field Marshal and handed the government to a coalition of Plastiras Progressives and Venizelos Liberals. The coalition fell to pieces when it became apparent that it could govern only with the tacit support of the crypto-Communist Democratic Union Party.

Last week John Passalides, head of the party-line Democratic Union, called on Premier Plastiras, who has recently suffered two strokes. Said he: "Without entering at this moment into any criticism of what you have done or failed to do . . . I hereby propose . . . for the sake of democracy and the nation, that we co-operate in the coming elections." If Plastiras was embarrassed, he did not show it. He did not formally agree to accept Communist support, but his election propaganda took a sharp, easily recognizable turn: it charged the opposition Greek Rally Party with being a Fascist organization.

Counter-Fury. Field Marshal Papagos (who fought and beat Mussolini's armies in 1940 and was imprisoned by the Nazis for two years) was angry, but not so furious as the newspapers supporting him. Said Athens' *Apogevmatini*: "If the United Center should gain power through Communist support, Papagos will not permit you to climb to power." At week's end Papagos had to tone down his supporters' exuberance: He would stand by the election results whatever they were, he said. Actually the Communist switch, aimed so nakedly at taking over the machinery of the middle-of-the-road parties, may do the Papagos forces more good than harm.

GREAT BRITAIN

Back Home

Actors traditionally have trouble with prejudiced landlords, but the members of Blevins Davis' *Porgy and Bess* company are more sensitive than most to such snubs: all but three of the 65 in the cast are Negroes. From the American cast's point of view, one of the best things about *Porgy's* current triumphant tour of Europe has been the relative absence of discrimination. Then last month the *Porgy* company arrived in London, and became a prompt smash hit (TIME, Oct. 20).

Sure of a long stay, the actors began looking for permanent places to live. Irving Barnes, chief understudy, went to inspect a flat. "Sorry," said the landlady. "I won't rent to a Negro. You people don't know how to take care of other people's property." Joe Crawford tried to find a flat by telephone. The agent asked his nationality. "I said American," said Crawford, "and the agent told me to come on out and see it. When I got there, the landlady took one look and said it was rented."

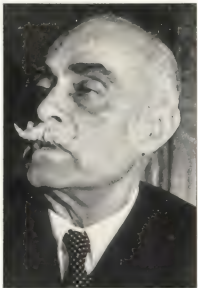
The cast learned that many London leases have automatic prohibitions against Indians and Negroes. It hurts more in London, says Barnes: "In New York, or Pittsburgh, or Atlanta, you see signs that say 'Whites Only' and you expect it. I've met Britishers back home who saw such things and said they thought it was horrible. Then, when you come over here and meet the same thing face to face again, it gets pretty discouraging."

KENYA

Panga War

Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya, pulled on his medal-hung tunic with the silver & gold epaulettes, buckled on his ivory-handled sword, and patted his plumed cocked hat into place. Then he climbed into his big black Humber and drove into Nairobi to open, in the name of the Queen, the 56-man Legislative Council (42 Europeans, 6 Africans, 6 Indians, 2 Arabs) that serves as Kenya's parliament.

On the front of the governor's car waved his official flag: two crossed pangas (broad-bladed African knives used to chop bananas). The pangas seemed symbolic



PROGRESSIVES' PLASTIRAS
... help for an old enemy,

last week, for Kenya Colony, the brightest jewel in Britain's East African Empire, is bleeding badly in a panga war.

Striking from the great morose forests of the Aberdare Range, Mau Mau terrorists last week hacked an elderly Briton to pieces as he sat in his evening tub. A quick chop of the panga and all his fingers were gone. In the port of Mombasa, supposedly awed by the guns of a British cruiser, a British marine was stabbed.

British counter-action was swift and drastic. Thousands of Kikuyu tribesmen fled in terror to the mountains as troop carriers and armored cars rumbled through the native reserves kicking up clouds of red dust. Kenya cops tracked down "suspects" with bloodhounds, arrested thousands of Kikuyu who got in the way. The government started closing down the native schools operated by Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, the uncrowned king of the Kikuyu, whom the

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British exiled (TIME, Nov. 3) because they suspect that he is 1) a Communist. 2) the brains behind the Mau Mau.

Arriving in Kenya last week to make a big-game movie, U.S. Cinemactor Clark Gable boldly announced that he wasn't going to worry about Mau Mau terrorism. But Kenya's 30,000 whites, who have been around a little longer, are frankly worried. They are slowly beginning to realize that the Kenya of the movies, of pink gins and polo and unchallenged white supremacy, is gone for good.

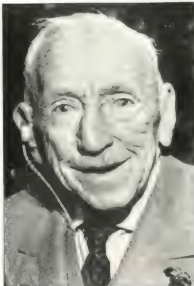
From Nairobi last week, TIME Correspondent Alexander Campbell cabled:

KENYA's white farmers, many of them impoverished aristocrats and others ex-Indian army colonels and majors, live in lonely gimcrack farmsteads dotted about the exclusive White Highlands. They drink expensive wines and dine off good china, yet few have telephones; farmhouses are miles apart and roads are dreadful. The whites employ half a million Negroes, and could not do without them. The whites insist they don't have a color bar, only a culture bar: a civilized man of any color is welcome. To most of Kenya's 100,000 Indians and 5,500,000 Negroes, the effect is about the same.

Now, suddenly, the whites are compelled to patrol their farms by night and carry guns whenever they step outside. Fear is wearing them down. "We never get any sleep," said a monocled German who fled to Kenya from the Nazis. "I hoped to settle here after a stormy life, but now I think the white man's number is up."

For all their studied nonchalance, white Kenyans love their land—for its rolling green pastures, fat with cattle, for its deep forests and smoke-blue mountains, garlanded with the tea and coffee plantations that earn the colony's living. On the whole, they treat their blacks better than most white settlers in Africa. The tragedy of the whites is their failure to understand that the black Kikuyu tribesmen, who tend their crops, wash their dishes, nurse their babies and dig their graves when they die, are also equally fanatic land-lovers. The whites blandly reason: "If we're kind to the Kukes [short for Kikuyus], what more can they want? They've only been down from the trees for 50 years..." One helpful farmer lined up his Kukes and told them to speak to me freely. The farmer is a good *buena*, they said, but that isn't the point. The land was always ours; now we are hired laborers who can never earn enough to buy a farm. We are caught in a trap.

The worst trap of all is the crowded Kikuyu reserve, north of Nairobi. Scores of thousands of Kukes live there; and in the fertile areas, population density reaches 600 per sq. mi. Every scrap of arable land is terraced to the hilltops, yet only one Kuke family in ten has enough land to feed itself. The white holdings vary from a few acres (for



BILLY HUGHES
"What the blithering blazes!"

poultry) to several square miles (for cattle ranching).

Military action may or may not stamp out Mau Mau terror; only reform can get at the deep roots of black unrest. Big and bluff British Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton toured the colony last week to see what can be done. From the Kenya African Union (KAU), the only political body in Kenya that claims to represent Africans, he got a list of Kikuyu demands: 1) more land; 2) higher wages and better education; 3) votes for all Negroes who pass literacy and property tests. KAU also sought the release of its leader Jomo Kenyatta.

In London, the Tory government has set up a royal commission to investigate the Kenya trouble by early 1953. A major difficulty will be the white Kenyans, who now fear to concede anything lest they lose everything.

AUSTRALIA

The Little Digger

Three generations of Australians have been delighted and appalled by the salty character of a tiny, terrible-tempered politician whose rallying cry, "What the blithering blazes!", once tinkled the glass chandeliers of Versailles, made Lloyd George blanch, Woodrow Wilson freeze, and Clemenceau laugh. William Morris ("Billy") Hughes was born a Welshman, but ten years as a knockabout laborer in Australia had made him as indigenous as a kangaroo. When he became Australia's World War I Prime Minister, the Anzacs draped a big slouch hat around his pint-sized head, dubbed him "Little Digger."

He had been a sheep drover, navy, gold prospector, ship's cook, waiter, locksmith, umbrella mender, a seller of fried fish, and a spear-carrier in a touring production of Shakespeare's *Henry V* when,

some time in the 1880s he decided to "emerge from the murk and chaos and leap up on the stage of human affairs." His stage was the toughest strip of the Sydney waterfront. He organized a wharf laborers' union. Hobo life had given him chronic dyspepsia and affected his hearing, but he discovered a powerful voice, tuneless, yet penetrating enough, as he himself said, "to peel the bark off a gum tree," or "galvanize ten dead bullocks to a trot." A gnome-like figure (5 ft. tall, under 100 lbs.), among the muscular wharf lumpers he was said to be "too deaf to listen to reason, too loud to be ignored, and too small to hit." He was soon representing the waterfront in the New South Wales Parliament.

Fire & Comprehension. Colonial Australia, aspiring to nationhood, was full of political slogans, such as "One man, one vote." Billy improved on this: "One bloody man, one bloody vote," he told his electors. He wrote a pamphlet, *The Case for Labor*, and rode with the Labor Party into the first Federal Parliament in 1901.

To improve his parliamentary technique, he traveled everywhere with a phonograph on which he played records of the speeches of Britain's Victorian Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone, was soon throwing such high-caliber clichés at the Opposition as "Sword of Damocles" and "Bed of Procrustes." On one such occasion the Speaker of the House, a sensitive man, collapsed, crying with his dying breath: "Dreadful, dreadful!"

Billy was national head of three trade unions: the wharf laborers, the transport workers and the seamen. He talked like a radical, but by 1910 he was already demanding that Australia should have its own army & navy, and making speeches about the menace of Japan. That year, the Labor Party formed its first majority government, a cabinet consisting of two miners, a wharf lumper, a building worker, a hatter, a compositor, an engine driver and, of course, Billy Hughes. The cabinet split over World War I, and Hughes formed a national coalition government, pledged to aid Britain "to the last man and the last shilling."

Invited to sit at War Cabinet meetings in London, he swore and hammered the table for more action. When Prime Minister Herbert Asquith demurred, Hughes shouted: "I have a policy! You don't! If you expect me to sit like a stuffed dummy while there's a war to be won, you've picked the wrong man." Said Earl Balfour: "How I detest him!" But young Winston Churchill called him "a man of fire and comprehension, head and shoulders above his fellows."

Play It on the Piano. By war's end the Anzacs had suffered 68½ battle casualties, and this gave Billy a voice in the Versailles Peace Conference. On the boundaries commission, Billy listened to Ignace Jan Paderewski, Pianist-Premier of Poland, explain a problem which has confused a generation of diplomats: Poland's eastern border. Said Billy, after

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studying the mass of demographic symbols that Paderewski had chalked on the blackboard: "Listen, Mr. President, the best thing you can do is take that home and play it on your piano."

Hughes fell out with Woodrow Wilson on the disposal of German New Guinea, which the Anzacs had captured. Said the President, eying the little man solemnly: "Mr. Prime Minister of Australia, do I understand your attitude aright? If I do, it is this: that the opinion of the whole civilized world is to be set at naught. This conference, fraught with such infinite consequences to mankind for good and evil, is to break up, with results that might be disastrous to the future happiness of 1,800 million of the human race, in order to satisfy the whim of 5,000,000 people in the remote southern continent you claim to represent." Replied Billy, brightly: "Yes. Very well put. That's just about the size of it, Mr. President."

When Wilson asked if Australia would agree to religious freedom in New Guinea and accept missionaries of every denomination, Hughes replied: "Of course . . . The natives are very short of food, and for some time past have not had enough missionary." By irreverence, Hughes won world attention for a problem which he knew to be "very small potatoes and not many to the row." His point: to secure New Guinea as a strategic outpost of Australia's defense. He won it.

The Hughes government went out in 1923, but Billy came within two votes of returning as Prime Minister in World War II, served instead as Navy Minister, then as a member of the War Advisory Council, where he recaptured some of his old vice. Said he to a delegation of war manufacturers who complained of the shortage of copper wire: "What do you want me to do about it? Spin it out of my tail like a spider?" He saw his New Guinea policy vindicated, and lived on to witness the collapse of world relations more threatening than that following Versailles.

The Press Is Notified. A few months ago, when he fell ill of pneumonia, he had his secretary reply to pressmen: "Mister Hughes says you're not to worry. He says that as soon as he's died he'll notify the press."

Last week the press was notified, but not by Billy. He was already dead. At 88, the eldest of the Commonwealth's statesmen, the last surviving signatory of the Versailles Treaty, and a man who held a remarkable record for parliamentary longevity—58 years—Billy finally capitulated. Said Prime Minister Robert Menzies, who had often suffered from Billy's taunts: "Of all the lives we have seen in Australia, his was the most astonishing."

BHUTAN

Two's a Coronation Crowd

Stretching for some 100 miles along the southern slopes of the Himalayas, north of India and south of Tibet, lies the most remote kingdom in the world. The upland valleys of tiny (18,000 sq. mi.) Bhutan are as green and inviting as



Burt Kerr Todd—Courtesy
National Geographic Society

KING JIGME DORJI
He wants to be alone.

those of Shangri-La, and the passes that lead into them just as forbidding. Icy winds howl along the snowswept plains behind the mountain passes to discourage the traveler. Rugged barriers of snow and ice rise as high as 24,000 ft. Dense semitropical growth clogs the lower valleys. Fever haunts the forests, making them uninhabitable to all except endlessly prowling tigers and rhinos.

Time & again attempts by neighboring India to build roads into Bhutan have been halted by the ravages of wild elephants which rip up the road beds and tear down the bridges, but the Bhutanese don't mind at all. In fact they like it that way, and if by chance a foreigner wishes to brave the nine-day journey by muleback over the mountains into Bhutan, he must first get a special invitation from the King himself. The King is very careful about choosing the people he invites to Bhutan.

Up to 1907, Bhutan, like Tibet, was ruled jointly by a high lama, the Dharma Raja, who was believed to be the reincarnation of Buddha himself, and a temporal leader, the Deb Raja. Finding a new reincarnation of Buddha when the old one died was always a trouble. It involved waiting several years and then finding a baby who would proclaim his identity by recognizing certain suitable symbols. By 1907 Bhutan's lamas, grown fat and indolent with centuries of rule, got too lazy to hunt for a new Raja. The government was taken over by a local governor, the Tongsa Penlop, a fighting politician who got himself elected Gyalpo (i.e., King) of the Land of the Thunder-dragon. Knighted by the British, who understood such ambition, Sir Ugyen Wangchuk ruled for 19 years and died in 1926. He was succeeded by his son, Sir

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Jigme Wangchuk. Three years ago, to insure a continuance of his privacy, Sir Jigme renewed an old treaty leaving all the foreign affairs of his country to India in exchange for a guarantee of sovereignty at home and 500,000 rupees a year. In March 1952, Sir Jigme died.

Last week, in a ceremony which by tradition includes an honor guard of silk-uniformed soldiers, each carrying two swords and a shield of buffalo hide. Sir Jigme's 24-year-old son, Jigme Dorji, was installed as the third Gyalpo of Thunder-dragon. Two visitors—the eldest son of the Maharaja of neighboring Sikkim and an Indian political agent—were invited over the mountains to see the show. They were the only outsiders present.

FRANCE

Protégé

The citizens of France's bustling, southern city of Nîmes (pop. 75,398) were every bit as proud of their local opera house as Belgium's aging ex-Prima Donna Eva Closset was of her protégé, José Faës. Nîmes's playhouse, built in 1798, is billed as "the oldest theater of its kind" with no attempt to define its kind; Eva's protégé was her favorite nephew. The theater and José were brought together last June when Eva sent a circular letter to every opera manager in France, proclaiming José's brilliance and immediate availability as a tenor. Francis Lenzi, Nîmes's entrepreneur, took a chance and wrote back offering José a job in the chorus.

Last week, as Eva beamed, José romped and roared through several performances of Halévy's *La Juive*, Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de perles* and Delibes' *Lakmé*. Maestro Lenzi busied himself trying to trace the source of a sudden sourness in his choral arrangements. At last he pinned it down, called José into his office and fired him. Less than an hour later, Diva Eva tottered in, convulsed in sobs and imploring another chance for the young man. "But he doesn't know the first thing about singing," protested Lenzi—"no caliber, no pitch, no nothing." "In all my years in the theater," proclaimed the outraged protectress, "I have never witnessed an attitude like this." "If my voice isn't appreciated here," muttered José, "I'll go elsewhere," and off he went to bed.

But Eva didn't go to bed. She went back to her hotel room and downed three large glasses of heady red wine. Then she tucked a bottle of alcohol from her spirit stove in her wrap and stole back to the theater. "Just picking up my stepson's things," she told the doorman as she entered. The doorman nodded sleepily, and Eva slipped backstage. She stopped the alcohol over some newspapers and jammed the sodden mess in among the scenery. Then she dropped a match and dozed out. Four hours later, all that was left of "the oldest theater of its kind" were four walls and a few Greek columns.

"I did it for you, darling," sobbed Eva to José in the police station next day. "Well," snarled her grateful boy, "you've ruined my career."

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BOLIVIA

Nationalization Day

On a wind-swept field near Bolivia's big Catavi tin mine, President Victor Paz Estenssoro stepped to a rude table one day last week and with a golden pen signed the decree nationalizing the country's three big tin companies. Twenty thousand black-shawled women and tin-helmeted men yelled *vivas*. A leather-jacketed Indian stepped to the President's side and sounded the ancient Inca battle call on a curved bull horn. That night bonfires burned all over the Bolivian Andes, and the cobbled streets of La Paz echoed with the din of jubilant partisans firing off the rifles and pistols they had seized from

what the companies think their investments in Bolivia are worth.

Nevertheless, President Paz Estenssoro hopes to make a peaceful settlement with the big three. He has insisted that "lawful compensation must be paid." On the eve of nationalization, the companies received what appeared to be a demand for \$505 million in unreported foreign exchange and \$15 million in allegedly evaded income taxes (TIME, Nov. 3). Last week the President's experts explained that this was not a final reckoning. The implication was that the tin companies, if they agree to dicker instead of fighting the regime by litigation and fomenting embargoes abroad, might still wind up with some cash compensation for their shareholders

CANADA

Green Light for Power

The International Joint Commission, meeting in Montreal last week, formally approved a joint U.S.-Canadian application to build the long-debated St. Lawrence River hydroelectric power project.* Next step: licensing an agency to do the U.S. share of the work, in cooperation with Ontario Hydro, already approved as the Canadian agency. The New York State Power Authority is a likely prospect for the job, subject to approval by the U.S.'s Federal Power Commission; work on the \$500 million project may begin next year.

"Pothead!"

As the sun rose over the spruce-covered Newfoundland hills one morning last week, the tiny (34-ton) whaler *Arctic Skipper* put out from the weathered jetty at Dildo and chuffed at a steady six knots down Trinity Bay. Deck hands were just finishing their breakfast of fried eggs, sausage and coffee in the tiny galley when a look-out cried: "Pothead!"† Captain Iver Iversen rang the engine signal. As the *Skipper* picked up speed, the whales sounded. When they came up again, they were heading out to sea, and a deck hand fired a rifle shot to turn them. A red signal flag went up the mast as the whales changed course. Out from the shore came a fleet of motor skiffs and rowboats, ready for work.

Meat for the Mink. For generations, Newfoundlanders have gone out in their frail boats to hunt the potheads, which pursue squid into Trinity Bay. It was a haphazard venture until Norwegian Captain Iversen settled near Dildo in 1946 and opened a factory to render blubber and process the greasy meat prized by mink ranchers for the gloss it gives to the animal fur. To increase the whale catch, he raised money for the *Arctic Skipper* and a sister ship, *Arctic Venture*, to go farther out into the bay and herd more potheads shoreward.

Last week, as the *Skipper* drove toward Chapel Beach, the *Venture* swept in its herd, and the small boats closed around more than 150 thrashing whales. Young men and old—like Isaac Higdon, 75, and Bob Newhook, a pothead killer since 1918—beat empty oil drums and shouted at the top of their voices. The best boatmen in Newfoundland danced their craft among the whales and the long spiked lances stabbed out, turning the frothy water crimson with blood. In its death throes,

* Not to be confused with the related St. Lawrence Seaway project, to bring ocean shipping to the Great Lakes. The power project is a preliminary step toward the seaway, which Canada will build alone.

† A pilot whale, sometimes called blackfish, which averages eight to ten feet in length (some have measured 24 feet and weighed as much as five tons).



Rupert Jackson—LIFE

HUNTING PILOT WHALES IN TRINITY BAY
Clonking tin cans and long spiked lances.

government arsenals and routed army units last April during the uprising of Paz Estenssoro's totalitarian Movement of National Revolution.

Time to Explain. The tin decree, climaxing long years of bloody struggle, was the most important act of nationalization in Latin America since Mexico expropriated its foreign oil companies in 1938. The three nationalized companies—Patiño,* Hochschild, Aramayo—produce 72% of the country's tin. Though Bolivia now mines only 15% of the world's tin, it still accounts for virtually all that is produced in the Western Hemisphere. And tin is still backward Bolivia's one cash crop, providing 80% of the country's foreign exchange. Last week's decree set a tentative valuation on the expropriated properties of \$21,750,000—barely a third of

(including the U.S. citizens who reportedly own 26% of Patiño Mines & Enterprises stock).

Time to Restrain. In the hope of striking such a bargain, President Paz Estenssoro has offered engineers and other foreign employees of the three companies security of tenure, salary and other contract benefits if they will keep on working for the government's newly constituted Bolivian Mining Corp. But coming to terms with the tin barons and their experts may not be the President's toughest problem. Speaking to the miners at Catavi last week, Labor Boss Juan Lechin, Bolivia's left-wing Minister of Mines, said: "Nationalization must be carried out without payment to the thiefing tin barons." Now, more than ever, Paz Estenssoro's chances of bringing off a miracle, of taking over tin without wrecking his country's precarious economy, depended on his ability to hold his most fanatical followers in check.

* Whose president, Antenor Patiño, had troubles of a different sort in the U.S. last week (see PAGE 1).

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a whale rammed the boat containing three generations of Higdon's. It smashed three planks below the water line, but the skill stayed in the drive. Ashore, 12-year-old Charlie Williams thrust a lance into a beached whale. The din was terrible: clanking tin cans, shouts from fishermen, screams from women on the beach and a frantic pounding of whale tails on water.

Blubber for the Plant. Examining the carcasses, the fishermen found that they had set a season's record: 3,200 with three weeks still to go. Best previous year was 1951 with 3,047. Hauled up on the beach, the whales were culped (stripped) of the blubber and meat, which was carted to Captain Iversen's factory. This year the plant had processed 300 tons of whale oil, to be used for fine lubricants and margarine, and almost 600,000 pounds of meat. It gave each fisherman a chance to pick up as much as \$75 a week during the 14-week season, a welcome addition to the hard-earned \$600 to \$1,000 most of them make from codfishing in late spring and early summer.

EL SALVADOR

Felix & the Flying Animal

Standing on the road near one end of San Salvador's Iloango Airport one afternoon last week, Felix Lara, 24, an Indian laborer, watched a Pan American Airways Constellation taxi out for the take-off to Honduras. Just as the plane started to roll, Felix vaulted the airport fence, leaped up on the axle housing of the right main landing wheel, and flung his arms around the fat supporting strut.

Down the runway they sped, Felix and the Constellation. The blast from the right inboard engine whipped his tattered shirt, but Felix only curled his bare toes tighter around the housing. Spectators at the terminal building spotted the figure behind the strut, and gestured in mute horror as the plane sped by. Joseph Hernandez, the flight steward, caught the meaning of their signals just in time to see the big double wheel leave the ground, with Felix still clinging tight, and fold forward into the wing.

After the wheel doors closed up, Felix was comfortable, though cramped. "It was nice to get out of the wind," he recalled later. But when Captain J. W. Strickland got word of the stowaway, he circled immediately to land. Coming in, he lowered the wheels with a sick feeling that he would probably drop Felix 1,500 feet to his death. Felix did lose his foothold for a moment, but he dangled by his arms until the strut came vertical and he could again stand. Captain Strickland set the Connie down so gently that Felix scarcely bounced.

"Why did we come back?" Felix asked the people who rushed out to the plane. To the airport cops who arrested him, he explained that he was broke, out of work and hungry. He had hoped that wherever the plane took him he might learn to read and write, then become a pilot. "I'm going to grab that animal again, when they let me go," he promised.



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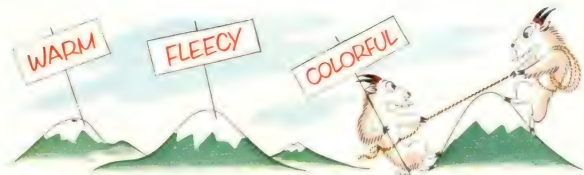
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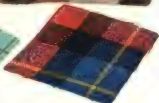
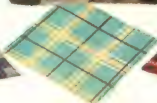
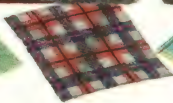
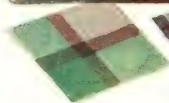
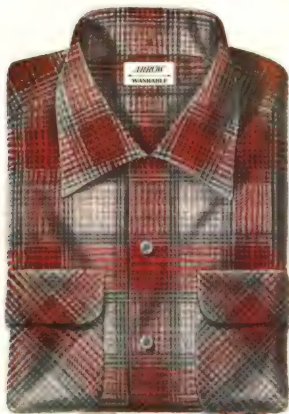
We sometimes think that a motorist never *fully* appreciates his Cadillac until he has owned and driven it for a goodly time. To be sure, his very first ride introduces him to comfort, performance and pride of ownership that he has never experienced before. But there are *many* wonderful things

about a Cadillac which only the years and the miles can reveal. There is, for instance, the car's extraordinary dependability. There is its astonishing economy—so marvelous that a full day's journey can usually be made on a single tankful of gasoline. And there is its all but unbelievable endurance

—so great that there is no practical limit to the car's life and utility. We thought you'd appreciate knowing, as you look forward to your first Cadillac, that these wonderful things are true. For it means there's a *great* experience ahead for you—when you make the move to the Car of Cars.



Wonderful, cold-weather sports shirts!



Wool for warmth! Arrows for style!

Blend the two and you get sports shirts like these. At left is an Arrow *Buccaneer Plaid* (\$8.95). 60% wool, 40% rayon. At right is the Arrow *Alpine Flannel* (\$12.95). 85% wool, 15% nylon.

Warm, rugged, and washable! Your

Arrow dealer has them, in a wide range of colors and patterns. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers of Arrow Shirts, Ties, Sports Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Underwear. (Prices subject to change by Government regulation.)

ARROW
Sports Shirts

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week, these names made this news:

In Málaga, Spain, visiting Cinemactress **Rita Hayworth** checked into the luxurious Hotel Miramar, which was soon fined \$5 by the local authorities. Reason: the clerk had failed to have Rita write her age (34) in the register.

From his summer palace in Castel Gandolfo, **Pope Pius XII** announced his "blessing and benediction to employees and members of the Associated Press everywhere . . . because of the important work the Associated Press does."

In London, crowds gathered in Leicester Square to catch a glimpse of **Queen Elizabeth II**, who arrived to preside over her first command film performance—*Because You're Mine*, starring Mario Lanza. The new black & white "magpie" evening gown, which the Queen wore for the occasion, turned out to be a star attraction too. Three days later, West End department stores reported that a copy of the Queen's gown (price: \$27) was a sell-out item.

As the government in Bolivia took over his mines under a nationalization decree (see *HEMISPHERE*), Bolivian Tin King **Antenor Patiño** was in Manhattan in the process of being parted from some of his fortune. A few hours before he planned to fly to Paris, he was haled into court by his Spanish-born wife and charged with being \$400,000 behind in support pay-



RACHELE MUSSOLINI, EDDA MUSSOLINI CIANO & CAROLINA CIANO
In St. Mark's, well-dressed widows.

ments. She wanted a settlement before he left the country. "I'm going to . . . Paris this afternoon," pleaded Patiño. "No, you're not," snapped the judge. "You're going to city prison unless you furnish bond." By evening Patiño was free to leave for Paris. He had raised the \$250,000 bond, high enough, said the judge, to assure a return engagement with the court and his wife's budget worries.

Kathleen (Forever Amber) Winsor, who was touring Spain when her latest book, *The Lovers*, was published, announced in Manhattan that she was hard at work on an American historical novel, and would leave the country as soon as it is finished. "Not for good," she explained. "I just take a long vacation around the time another of my books comes out so I can't possibly read the reviews."

Those in search of legal aid in Washington had one more lawyer to choose from: **J. Howard McGrath**, fired as Attorney General seven months ago, opened an office for private practice.

At Chelsea Town Hall, where he attended a dance for West African students and made a little speech, the British Labor Party's great grey grumbler was introduced as "The One & Only **Aneurin Bevan**." Said Bevan in reply: "When I heard your chairman refer to me as 'the one & only Aneurin Bevan, I heaved a sigh of relief—for if there were more of me, I would be declared an illegal association.'"

In Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theater, the audience waiting to see the world premiere of *The Living Room*, the first play from the pen of Novelist **Graham Greene**, was kept waiting for a while. Reason: Author Greene had got stuck in an apartment elevator, and was 20 min-

utes late getting to the theater. Next day the *Dagens Nyheter* critic reported: "A dull play but smartly done, almost too smartly done."

Escorted by three court cars, two motorcyclists and his stepmother (the Princess de Rethy), **King Baudouin** of Belgium and his party roared into Hertogenwald forest on what the palace called an "incognito" hunting trip. A squadron of beaters managed to maneuver one wild boar within six yards of the nearsighted King, who scored a clean miss. The tally at the end of the hunt: three wild boar, one hind. The King's bag: nothing.

At the wedding of 18-year-old Raimondo Ciano to Alessandro Giunta, a great-great-grandson of Napoleon's brother, Lucien Bonaparte, in St. Mark's Basilica, Rome, a photographer concentrated on the bride's family and produced a memorable portrait of three tense, dry-eyed, well-dressed widows: the bride's mother, **Edda Mussolini Ciano**, who stood in an old Il Duce pose, arms folded and jaw outjutting; the bride's two grandmothers, **Rachele Mussolini** and **Carolina Ciano**.

The name of oldtime Cinemactress **Marion Davies** moved to a new location in the newspapers: the real-estate page. It was announced that she had completed plans to build a lavishly modern 20-story office building on Manhattan's Park Avenue and had ordered the architects to make it "the Tiffany of all buildings."

The association of British phillumenists (collectors of matchbox labels) reinstated one of its members who had been delinquent since July: former King **Farouk** of Egypt (who had a collection of 150,000 items before he left Egypt) finally got around to sending in his 12s. 6d. back dues.



QUEEN ELIZABETH II
In the West End, a magpie.



When sneezes make you



Blow your top



**Refreshing KOOLs still
Taste tip-top!**



CATCHING COLD?

**Smoke KOOLs as your
steady smoke for that
clean, KOOL taste!**

A Neurologist's Hunch

Billy Lucas had been a pathetic, apparently hopeless invalid ever since the third day after his birth in Palo Alto, Calif. That was three years ago. Billy's face was expressionless, his eyes never seemed to move, he could barely raise his eyelids. He could hardly swallow, and for two years he had to be fed through a tube. His arms were so feeble that he could not lift a spoon to his mouth, and he had to have steel braces to be able to stand.

Billy's parents, Cyrene and Annette Lucas, spent about \$30,000 seeking medical help for him. (Cyrene Lucas, a clerk in the family's San Francisco cigar store, had to have a lot of help from relatives to pay the bills.) It looked as though Billy had cerebral palsy, but recently, at the University of California Hospital in San Francisco, tests showed no damage to Billy's brain. A visiting British neurologist thereupon had a hunch.

Fingers & Eyes. A fortnight ago, acting on the Briton's hunch, Mrs. Lucas had a prescription filled for neostigmine. That cost only 35¢. Then the visiting doctor, who has no license to practice in California, got a staff physician to give Billy the injection. While Mrs. Lucas held Billy on her lap, the British doctor waited to see what would happen.

After about five minutes, Mrs. Lucas told the doctor that Billy's eyes were beginning to change. The doctor, a cool & collected type, scarcely looked up from his brain-wave charts. It was too soon for any change, he said; that would take at least half an hour. After ten minutes, Mrs. Lucas began to feel tension in Billy's usually limp muscles. The doctor said it was her imagination. After 15 minutes, she insisted that the doctor look at Billy, who was really "coming to life." Still skeptical, the doctor snapped his fingers beside Billy's ear, and saw the child instantly turn his eyes to see what had happened. Mrs. Lucas vowed that it was the first time Billy had ever moved his eyes.

Billy was helped to his feet. He stood—unsteadily but unaided. Soon, rejoicing in what she considered a miracle, Mrs. Lucas bundled Billy up and took him home. Now, gradually gaining sureness, he toddles around without leg braces. He proudly eats a dish of cereal all by himself. And instead of expressing his wants in single words, like "hungry" uttered so unclearly that only a loving parent could understand them, he says whole sentences and his enunciation is getting better.

Rare & Grave. Despite Mrs. Lucas' enthusiasm, what had happened to Billy was really no miracle. He was a victim of myasthenia gravis, a mysterious, uncommon disease which usually strikes adolescents or the elderly. Infant cases are rare, and Billy's was especially hard for the doctors to diagnose because he was stricken so soon after birth, when cerebral palsy is the likeliest explanation of symptoms such as his.



Lillian Pagnini—Col-Pictures

BILLY LUCAS

The doctor snapped his fingers.

Neostigmine (a muscle stimulant) is both a standard test and a standard treatment for myasthenia gravis. Perhaps because he was so young, Billy Lucas' response to the first injection was unusually dramatic. Now he is getting the drug in tablet form every three hours. But he has another chance for relief, now that the doctors know what ails him: his disease seems to be connected with the working of the thymus gland, and about half the victims of myasthenia gravis get better after removal of the thymus.

Hot Milk for St. Bernards?

Physiologists know that alcohol is no real good for warming a badly chilled man. All it does is to flood the skin with blood drawn from vital internal organs, which need it more than the extremities do. In the end, using alcohol to speed up the blood flow simply speeds up the body's overall loss of heat.

This being so, says the *Medical Journal of Australia*, it is time to stop telling children about the famous dogs of the hospice of St. Bernard. "If it is true that each dog carried a flask of brandy,"* says the *Journal* sternly, "then it may be said at once and with emphasis that no worse treatment of the chilled mountain wayfarer could be devised—far better today would be a Thermos of hot milk. . . . In rescue work, whether in shipwreck or in exposure to cold on land, alcohol should be avoided as a veritable poison. If the rescued persons are brought into a hot room or given a warm bath, some

* The *Journal's* cold dope on the dogs was out of date. From 1900 to 1940, the dogs sometimes carried brandy, sometimes tea. Now the dogs no longer do rescue work alone, but accompany men who carry the liquid refreshments themselves. And instead of the old St. Bernard breed, the hospice is using cross-bred dogs—part bulldog, terrier and Pyrenees shepherd.



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Editor John E. N. Hume Jr. (right) and Charles B. Sellers Jr., of the *Schenectady (N. Y.) Gazette*, use the Filmosound 202 for newspaper promotional work. "Before... we were forced to send along a narrator. Now our films have their own narration and music and are doubly convenient and effective."

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HARTMANN COMPANY - RACINE, WISCONSIN

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new construction, recommended
for air-travel, \$50.

SKYMATE
SINGLETON
in Imported
Natural Rawhide,
\$115.

justification for a modest dose of alcohol might be advanced, but certainly not before. Many a life has been needlessly thrown away through the belief that alcohol gives the body heat."

Physicians themselves are partly to blame for the public's ignorance, the *Journal* complains, because some of them like to take a nip in cold weather. The ironic truth: alcohol may really do more good in the tropics, by dilating blood vessels and helping the body to get rid of excess heat.

Overworked Remedy

Penicillin is still the safest of all drugs, considering the good it does, and it is still enormously effective against some kinds of germs—Dr. Maxwell Finland of Harvard Medical School grants penicillin all that. But, he warned New England colleagues last week, it has lost much of its punch against germs of the staphylococcus group. Reason: it has been too widely used.

In a recent series of staphylococcus infections at Boston City Hospital, Dr. Finland found that three times out of four, the germs came of a strain that had learned to defy penicillin. Since many of the patients had never had penicillin before, the resistance had not developed during their treatment: they must have picked up germs already resistant, from other patients who had been dosed with penicillin. Most staphylococcus infections are minor (e.g., boils), but even so, said Dr. Finland, "there was an appreciable number of fatalities among the cases which did not respond to penicillin."

Dr. Finland's advice: penicillin should be withheld from all cases of common colds and other minor, miscellaneous ailments, unless there is a clear and present danger that more serious bacterial infection is setting in.

Weeding Out the Quacks

Five hundred strong, outstanding medicine men trooped into Pretoria last week for their first great convention. They came fully dressed for the occasion, with headresses of beads or feathers, clanking bracelets and earrings, and costume jewelry made of bones, shells, bells, animal horns and beer-bottle tops. Officially constituting the African Dingaka Association, they were the witch doctors from the Union of South Africa and their cousins from Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland.

Said President Lukus Somo: "We have come to reaffirm our faith in the old native customs and in the spirits of our ancestors." The witch doctors had another, more practical purpose: they wanted government recognition of their professional organization.

To impress the government with the seriousness of their calling, they voted £10,000 to set up a medical school in Johannesburg—to help "weed out the quacks and illiterates from among the medicine men," as Somo put it. The school will be in a two-story building, with shops for witch doctors and herbalists on the ground floor. In its syllabus

You'll have plenty of time for fun
if you

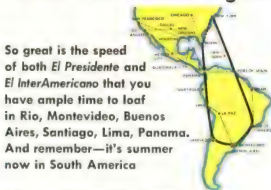
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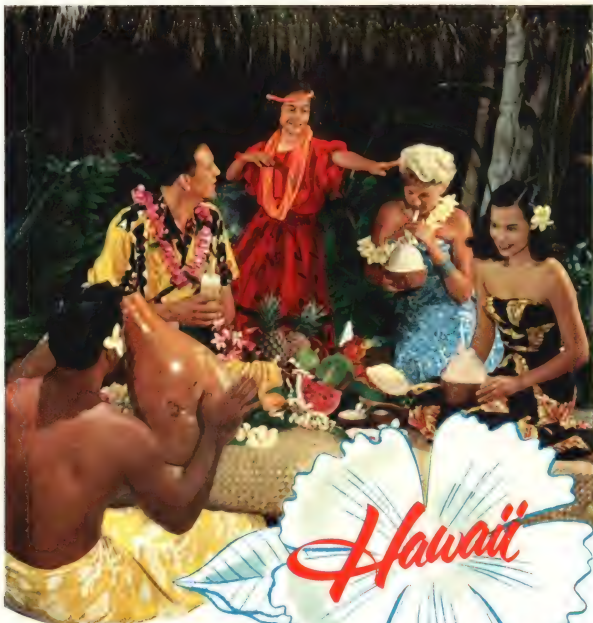
Berths on all flights. 4-engine tourist service also available. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.



Up in Santiago, you're surrounded by snow-capped Andes—in a delightful modern city. Swimming pool, above, is on the roof of the luxurious Carrera Hotel. For a swim in the Pacific, week-end in near-by Villa del Mar.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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will be a course in "throwing the bones"—a method of diagnosis in which four-inch pieces of ivory or ox bone are dropped on a sandbed floor.

Officially, the convention took a dim view of ancient "prescriptions" in which parts of the human body, charred and powdered, are used. The advertising of such *muti* (medicine) has just been forbidden by the South African government. Ingredients for this *muti* are usually obtained by ritual murders, of which there



Red-inked by GERM-KIND.

Capr, 1946, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. "Dwarf hair, bat wings, powdered black mambo... Quick, Miss Tonko!"

have been a dozen in Basutoland alone this year. The witch doctors in convention assembled asked the government to lift the advertising ban on *muti*. They forgot to explain why it is all right for them to use human organs, but wrong for the "quacks" (non-members of the Dingaka Association) to do so. They also forgot to tell where they get the human parts for their own prescriptions.

Children with Ulcers

Because children with peptic ulcers seldom appear in medical literature, it has been assumed that the disease is rare. Far from it, says Dr. Bertram R. Girdany: at Pittsburgh's Children's Hospital he has had no less than 45 cases in a year.

Dr. Girdany's child patients ranged from 14 months to eleven years old. Some had ulcers of the stomach, some of the duodenum. There were 25 girls and 20 boys, and nearly all told the familiar story of feeling intense pain when hungry, often in the middle of the night, and of getting relief after a meal. A few had recurrent vomiting spells instead of pain—possibly a sign of ulcers that are otherwise overlooked.

The child with ulcers is much like an adult with ulcers: the brighter-than-average, tense type, who bottles up his emotions. (Dr. Girdany's patients did not kick and scream the way many kids would if offered a "barium breakfast," but suffered in silence.) Such children may carry their ulcer troubles into adult life—so that tense little tykes grow into big, tense tycoons.

We're going again on the "City of San Francisco" to California



MY WIFE AND I FOUND OUT LAST YEAR HOW EVERY TRIP TO CALIFORNIA CAN BE A VACATION IN ITSELF. FIRST YOU DO 40% LUXURIOUS HOURS ON THE "CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO". IT'S THE FASTEST THING ON WHEELS FROM CHICAGO TO THE GOLDEN GATE (VIA OMAHA, OGDEN, RENO) AND...

... THEN YOU DO SAN FRANCISCO — BRIDGES—RESTAURANTS—CHINATOWN (HERE I'VE SKETCHED US ON A CABLE CAR) — THEN TAKE ANOTHER S-P STREAMLINER TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA... THEN RETURN HOME BY YET ANOTHER SCENIC S-P ROUTE. ALL THIS FOR USUALLY NO MORE FARE!

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BOIS DES ILES
GARDENIA
RUSSIA LEATHER
No 22

CHANEL

EDUCATION

The Senator's Hobby

When darkness fell on Halloween, the small fry of Ferndale, Mich. (pop. 29,675) were out on the town as usual. They roamed the streets and pushed at doorbells; they begged for cookies and smeared the store windows with slogans written in soap. But one window they steadfastly refused to touch. On the morning after the big night, the plate glass of the Higgins-Pontiac showroom was, as always, clean.

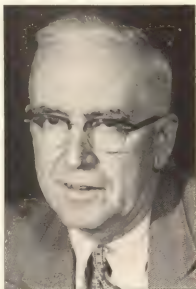
In the last 20 years, it has become something of a Ferndale tradition for the youngsters to pay George N. Higgins this special tribute. A bluff, grey-haired man of 52, he is a familiar figure around town. He runs a trucking firm as well as the Pontiac agency, and for six years he has also been a state senator. But his fame in Ferndale rests on quite another activity—his hobby of sending boys & girls through college.

Standing Offer. George Higgins never got to college himself; he only managed to squeak through high school by working after class as a janitor and a soda jerk. After that he struck out for Detroit, became a star salesman for General Motors, finally earned enough money to buy a Ferndale agency of his own. Then, one day, a teacher from Lincoln High School happened to tell him about a "mighty deserving poor boy" who wanted to go to college. That night George Higgins decided that the boy should go, and that he should take the responsibility of paying the college bills.

As his business grew, Higgins began to expand his hobby. He phoned the Lincoln and St. James High Schools and made them a standing offer. Each year, he said, he would send off four or five of their students, no matter what their race or religion or where they wanted to go. Soon a steady stream of youngsters was filing through his office—the sons & daughters of elevator operators, mechanics, and factory hands.

Sometimes Higgins did not bother to wait for the high school crop. Once, he spotted a boy selling newspapers on the corner and, after a talk with him, sent him off to college and pharmacy school. Another time, he met a girl who lived in a hut by the railroad tracks. Within a short while, she was in college, too. In those days, Higgins never kept track of the money he spent. It was not until 1946 that he organized his hobby into a foundation.

Personal Touch. Today, the Higgins Foundation boasts a permanent kitty of \$50,000; every time it falls below, Higgins simply deposits another check. The foundation does not cover all expenses, but Higgins digs into his own pocket to see personally that "my students are dressed nice." Ferndale merchants have long since grown used to having a few of his students come around, armed with the familiar instruction: "Tell 'em I said to



PHILANTHROPIST HIGGINS
On Halloween, a tribute.

outfit you and charge it to Mr. Higgins."

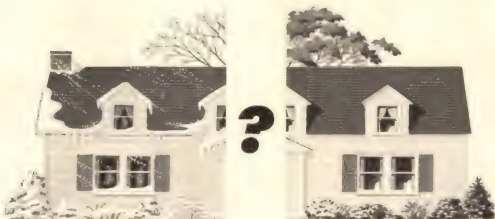
Last week George Higgins totted up his score, found that he had seen 75 boys & girls earn degrees at dozens of campuses from Annapolis to the University of Michigan. Each of the students has a folder in the Pontiac office, filled with clips and letters ("my heartwarming mementos"). Once in a great while, when a student seems to be taking things too easy at school, Higgins summons him home for a stern lecture ("You've got to scratch. You're not riding a gravy train"). But in all the years of his hobby, he has never had a failure. "About the only one who comes close to it," George Higgins likes to say, "is a girl who up and gets married on me—before she finishes college."

The Exiles

"And so, in July 1918, a modest but memorable ceremony took place. On the afternoon of the 24th the foundation stones of the Hebrew University were laid on Mount Scopus . . . The declining sun flooded the hills of Judea and Moab with golden light, and it seemed to me, too, that the transfigured heights were watching . . . dimly aware, perhaps, that this was the beginning of the return of their own people after many days. Below us lay Jerusalem, gleaming like a jewel . . ."

Since that day, which Chaim Weizmann recorded in his memoirs, Mount Scopus has been transfigured more than once by the people of Israel. Over the years, 17 grey concrete buildings have gone up. There are streamlined laboratories, the greatest library in the Near East, schools of law, agriculture, humanities and Oriental studies. The only trouble is, the Hebrew University can use none of these buildings. Since 1948, the road to Mount Scopus has been under the control of

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FOR HOME OR
BUSINESS NEEDS
LOOK IN THE
'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Jordan's troops, and neither students nor teachers are permitted to pass.

Today, except for a handful of Israeli guards, the bastion-like buildings of Mount Scopus stand empty. But below in Jerusalem, the life of the university goes on. Professors hold classes in rented store-rooms and hallways. Scientists carry on their research in makeshift laboratories converted out of bathrooms. Students squeeze into the back rooms of 30 different buildings, scattered over the length & breadth of the city.

This week, as its new year began, the university was out to raise some \$20 million, for, in spite of its desperate exile, it intends to keep right on expanding. This year it will have the largest enrollment (3,000 students) in its history, and it has recently opened a full-fledged medical school. Its goal for 1954: 4,000 students—with or without the silent grey bastions of Mount Scopus.

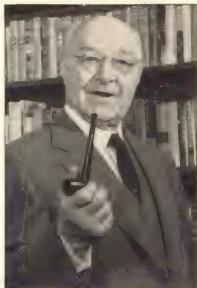
A Matter of Personality

Claude M. Fuess decided to interrupt his graduate studies at Columbia University to take a job in the English Department at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. He meant to stay for only a year, but he stayed for 40, first as a teacher and later as headmaster. Last week, in the course of a mellow autobiography called *Independent Schoolmaster* (Atlantic-Little, Brown: \$5), Claude Fuess told what makes a great teacher, by recalling some of the "Olympians" he has known.

Bony Body. Few-ess, Feis and Foos—but he prefers Fease) came to know some of the nation's top schoolmen, and he soon realized that the "caricature of the pedagogue with . . . his emaciated and bony body, his oversized horn spectacles, and his hairless, shining dome, in no way corresponds to reality."

For instance, Alfred E. Stearns, Fuess's predecessor at Andover, was anything but a "dry-as-dust pedant . . . At times he displayed a fiery temper, and on at least two occasions peremptorily 'fired' an instructor in anger, only to repent and apologize before sunset. Sometimes he made enemies by the stout fashion in which he spoke out, but the boys liked his . . . strong convictions . . . He continually stressed . . . moral issues; and like Thomas Arnold he was more interested in forming character than in producing scholars."

Endicott Peabody of Groton was quite another sort—"A magnificent specimen of the Grand Old Man, still erect and towering in his eighties, and looking like the embodiment of rectitude and moral force . . . Horace Taft,* who had also created an important school, was outstanding, too . . . He was, however, far more of a humorist, and a twinkle always lurked in his tolerant eyes." Once, after listening to two members of the Headmasters' Association wrangling over some minor matter of undergraduate discipline, "Uncle Horace" abruptly rose and strode



ANDOVER'S FUESS
For Olympians, a golden age.

out of the room. "How's that debate coming out?" Fuess asked him outside. "There won't much come of it," replied Taft. "One of them never was a boy, and the other never grew up!"

Individual Style. All in all, says Fuess, his 40 years were a golden age of headmasters. There was witty, debonair Lewis Perry of Exeter, hulking N. Horton Batchelder, "a grand old stalwart, who built Loomis School into a distinguished institution," and Frank L. Boyden, who "with his love for horses and antiques, his Yankee shrewdness, his aversion for public speaking, his passion for telephoning and automobiling, his unaffected simplicity combined with benevolent despotism," built Deerfield Academy (enrollment, 470) out of a tiny local school with only 14 students.

Looking back over all these men, Fuess decides that they had one thing in common. Their greatness was all a matter of personality, for not one of them seemed to give a hang about pedagogical theories. The lesson that they taught was that teaching "is an art, not a science; and every superior teacher, like every superior artist, though he may begin by imitation, eventually develops his own individual style . . . Like the actor, the teacher must . . . throw himself into his part—but he has to walk his stage alone! Rules and systems will avail him little. Only his personality can make him successful.

"All this," concludes Schoolmaster Fuess, "I learned gradually, but I was still learning when I taught my last class."

Internal Medicine

Fed up with the number of people (one out of four) who make mistakes on their income-tax returns, the Bureau of Internal Revenue offered a cure: a plan for teaching high-school students how to fill out returns so that they, in turn, can teach their parents.

* Brother of President William Howard, uncle of Senator Bob.

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Querns & Crannogs

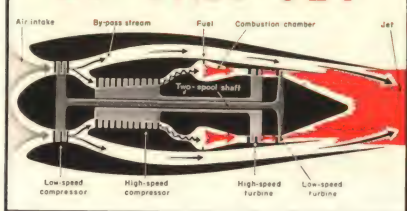
The tiny islands poking above the blue waters of Lough Gara in Ireland's County Roscommon appeared to be useless lumps of land. No one bothered with them, except an occasional moonshiner who went over in the dark of the moon to turn out his poteen in peace.

Last summer a drainage project dropped the water level in the shallow lake and 112 more islands popped into sight. None was more than 100 ft. in diameter and not until last month did any seem worthy of attention. Then the Resident Works Engineer stumbled on the remains of a Stone Age dugout canoe. Immediately he sent for Joseph Raftery, Keeper of Irish Antiquities at Dublin's National Museum.

Raftery has found enough tools and the bones of enough domestic animals to feel sure that men who lived on Lough Gara were prosperous farmers. Not only could they mill flour, but they had also reached the stage of specialization of labor. A large deposit of 200 flake-cutting tools found in one spot suggests a village toolsmith's shop. One Bronze Age axhead is so finely finished it might have been machine made.

The once-thriving Lough Gara crannogs, one of the largest concentrations of Stone Age lake dwellings in Europe, offer a field day to an Irish archaeologist. Now that the drainage project is finished, the lake level will remain constant. Raftery, whose work had only begun, can concentrate on filling in another page of his country's history.

BY-PASS JET



Two D. J. Smith by V. P. Gullis

Raftery recognized the "islands" for what they were—man-made crannogs, piles of stone ferried from the mainland by men of the New Stone Age and Late Bronze Age. Covered with a lattice of logs, they made a sturdy foundation for the lake dwellers' homes. In the peaty soil that now covers the crannogs, Raftery and his assistant have uncovered 17 dugout canoes beautifully hollowed from the solid trunks of great oaks. They have also found shards of undecorated pottery, axheads, a dagger, a chisel and other tools. They have dug up bronze ornaments, fragments of a Bronze Age trumpet and some well-preserved saddle querns, the primitive hand mills with which ancient man ground his grain.

The evidence he has gathered suggests to Archaeologist Raftery that the crannogs were inhabited at three separate times: by New Stone Age men around 2500 B.C., by Late Bronze Age men 2,000 years afterwards, and by a settlement of early Christians. Perhaps a sudden rise in the water level wiped out the first settlement. Perhaps a change in local conditions made the island dwellings with their connecting zigzag causeways unnecessary as refuges.

Fancy Jets

The simple jet engine is a thing of the past. The latest designs are highly efficient and powerful, but they pay for their superiority in complication.

Until recently, jet engines had only one essential moving part: the rotor. The forward end of its shaft spins an air compressor, which usually looks like a series of small windmills on the rear end of the shaft. High-pressure air from the last windmill goes to the combustion chambers where the fuel is burned. Hot gases formed there spin a turbine. The turbine turns the compressor, and the gases that pass through it shoot out the tailpipe in a high-speed jet whose reaction pushes the airplane forward.

This simple design has a bad limitation. All the rows of blades in the single compressor must revolve at the same speed. This works all right up to a compression ratio of about eight to one. Above this ratio single compressors are found to be inefficient, even though they may have as many as 16 rows of blades. Since the efficiency of the engine depends largely on the pressure of its incoming air, the

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single compressor sets a limit to the engine's performance.

Two-Spooler. The "two-spool" engine, now in fashion both in the U.S. and Britain, solves this problem by means of two compressors, each driven by its own turbine through concentric shafts. The first compressor, which spins comparatively slowly, compresses the air part way. Then the second compressor, spinning faster, takes over and crams the air into the combustion chambers at much higher pressure (up to twelve to one) than could be reached by a single compressor alone. The result is to increase the power of the engine and to reduce its fuel consumption per lb. of thrust by as much as 25%.

Practically every engine builder on both sides of the Atlantic has a two-spool model under development. Out in front is Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Co. of Hartford, Conn., whose two-spool J-57 is already in limited production. Several British manufacturers are not far behind.

Another limitation of the simple jet engine is under attack too, its lack of "propulsive efficiency" at subsonic speeds. When a jet plane is standing still on the ground, the gases shooting out of its tailpipe at 1,300 m.p.h. spend all their energy in pushing air backward; the propulsive efficiency is zero. When the plane takes off, and flies faster & faster, less & less of the energy is wasted on the air. More of it goes into pushing the plane forward; i.e., the propulsive efficiency increases.

Less Fuel. Supersonic fighters fly fast enough to get good propulsive efficiency, but bombers and transports (up to 600 m.p.h.) do not. Such craft will fly more efficiently with an engine whose gases shoot out of the tailpipe more slowly. Rolls-Royce Ltd. of Britain is testing such an engine, which it calls the Conway, after a river in Wales. Rolls will not give details of its construction, except that it uses the "by-pass" principle.

One type of by-pass engine (see diagram) is a two-spooler whose forward compressor passes some of its air around the combustion chamber. This air remains cool, and it does not flow very fast. When it is turned into the tailpipe behind the second turbine, it cools the gases and slows them down. It also adds to their mass. The final result is a heavy, cool, slow jet of gases instead of a light, hot, fast one. Less energy is wasted as heat, and the airplane can get good propulsive efficiency without flying above the speed of sound. Rolls claims that on bombers and transports the Conway will use less fuel than any other jet engine.

Bridges in Space

Astronomers have long known that the space between the stars contains a good bit of gas, dust, and probably larger chunks of unattached matter. The space between galaxies, however, they believed to be virtually empty. The only exceptions they knew about were faintly luminous filaments that seemed to connect a few galaxies.

This week Astrophysicist Fritz Zwicky of CalTech announced his conclusion that



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these filaments are probably the rule in space, rather than the exception. With the 48-inch Schmidt telescope on Palomar Mountain he found hundreds of luminous "bridges" connecting widely separated galaxies. The length of one curved bridge, sharp as a lighted boulevard, is more than 72,000 light-years (430,000 trillion miles).

The light from the bridges of space almost certainly comes from stars, but because of the enormous distances, no individual stars have been picked out so far. In some parts of the bridges the light is reddish, in other parts bluish. This probably means that red or blue stars predominate in different sections.

The importance of Zwicky's discovery has not yet been determined. Zwicky believes that the bridges must contain dust and gas as well as stars. If this turns out to be true, and if the bridges prove to be



Monsey, Everett—Graphic House
ASTROPHYSICIST ZWICKY
An exception may be the rule.

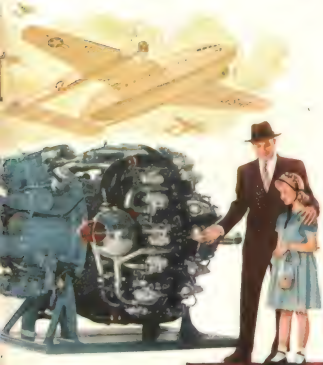
very common, astronomers may have to raise their estimate of the amount of matter in the universe. Such a change will affect the calculations of cosmologists, who are trying to figure out how the universe was formed and how it is developing. The total mass of matter is one of their key figures.

Another possible effect of the Zwicky discovery may be to change astronomers' ideas about distances in space. If it turns out that the new-found bridges wind thickly among the nearer galaxies, they must dim the light from galaxies behind them, making them appear more distant than they are.

No one is sure so far how the bridges were formed. Zwicky suspects that they may be stellar debris that was scattered through space by near-collision between galaxies. Another possible theory: that they may be made of matter that was somehow outside when the galaxies contracted to their present forms.



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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Dial "M" for Murder (by Frederick Knott) is that always welcome visitor, an unusually satisfying thriller. Playwright Knott is not only more ingenious than most members of the current Spine Trust, but being British is more urbane as well. Maurice Evans has abandoned battlements and blank verse to play a dinner-jacketed modern villain, while John Williams, as a Scotland Yard inspector, sees justice done with engaging suavity.

There is no mystery to Dial "M". Maurice Evans has married for money, and in his eagerness to collect it, decides to do away with his wife (Gusti Huber). He devises a neat plan and hires a sound fellow to carry it out while he himself is



GUSTI HUBER & MAURICE EVANS
Never an empty glass.

ostentatiously elsewhere. The murder goes off on schedule—except that it's the wife who, with a handy pair of scissors, dispatches the killer. This being only the middle of Act II, a lot more has to happen, and it is the measure of Playwright Knott's resourcefulness that villainy does not slump, nor chicanery deteriorate, nor sleuthing go to seed.

Dial "M" is not world-shaking. Its first and last ten minutes are a little wordy and more than a little slow, and many murder yarns have displayed more striking situations or original twists or hair-raising climaxes. But few recent ones have been so consistently competent. In terms of plot twists & turns, Mr. Knott always refills the audience's glass before it is quite empty; and in view of the danger of leaving fingerprints, his touch is consistently light. He clearly realizes that the author of a successful murder yarn has to think of almost as many things as the author of a successful murder.

TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1952



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New Musical in Manhattan

My Darlin' Aida (music by Giuseppe Verdi; book & lyrics by Charles Friedman) shifts its scene from the Memphis, Egypt of *Aida* to Memphis, Tenn. in 1861. Aida, Amneris and Radames of Verdi's opera become respectively a lovely slave girl (Elaine Malbin), her imperious young mistress (Dorothy Sarnoff) and a Confederate officer (Howard Jarratt) who loves the slave girl but is engaged to her mistress. The story is a tangle of Negro uprisings, hooded night riders, beatings, and death for the lovers.

The result, though not dull, is fairly distressing. No opera better lends itself to spectacle than *Aida*, and thanks to Lemuel Ayers' opulent sets and costumes and a \$250,000 outlay in non-Confederate money, *My Darlin' Aida* is often bright spectacle enough. As for the story, its bloodhound violences have more bang than the



Elaine Malbin—Graphic House
From Memphis, Egypt to Memphis, Tenn.

opera's rather bloodless grandiosities; but *My Darlin' Aida* is a mass of strident clichés, puerile dialogue and hack vulgarities. As for the score, though its glories remain, they are dented and tarnished by embarrassing lyrics, new bits of orchestration, and musicomedy voices.

In undertaking *My Darlin' Aida*, Li-brettist Friedman was frankly inspired by the success of *Carmen Jones*. But there are great differences, not just between him and the much defter Oscar Hammerstein II, but between the parent operas themselves. *Carmen* has a vivid, earthy, human story; *Aida*'s is unreal and faraway. *Carmen*, again, has the theater blood of the *opéra comique*; *Aida* possesses both the stiffness and the elevation of truly grand opera. Where many operas—*La Traviata*, *Tosca*, *La Bohème*—might be at home on Broadway, not only must the story of *Aida* be revamped; the finer values of the music must be half destroyed.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1952

Forgotten Frescoes

The modern world has never seen more than a faded hint of the magnificent frescoes executed by Raphael for the Vatican Palace's second-floor loggia. For three centuries after they were painted, the gallery's 13 bays had no windows; wind and rain tore at the pictures. Man was even more cruel: the frescoes were mutilated during the sack of Rome in 1527, later by Napoleon's troops in 1798; since then they have been botched by well-meaning restorers.

Last June workmen repairing a building connected to the loggia probed a wall which Pope Paul III had put up across one end of the gallery in 1534 to strengthen its terminal arch. As the brick came away, they got a glimpse of bright design and glowing colors. For six months Dr. Deoclecio Redig de Campos, an assistant director of the Vatican's museums, bossed the delicate job of stripping away the rest of the wall, and last week he announced his discovery. Behind the bricks were two long, thin (12 ft. by 11 in.) sections of Raphael's original frescoes that had been forgotten for 400 years—swirling arabesques of lions' heads, leaves, flowers, crabs, human faces, all shining with their original vividness.

Said Dr. de Campos: "What we have seen in the loggia until now is only a pale shadow of the splendid promenade intended for the Pope. It would always have remained a shadow if a providential discovery had not restored a little of the old light."

Turkish Delight

One of the most admired painters in Turkey these days is a ten-year-old boy named Hasan Kaptan. Boosters see in his work something of Picasso's lively lines and Matisse's blazing colors. For those not impressed by those qualities alone, his boosters can point to a large one-boy show in Paris last year, where the critics were enthusiastic, and to the fact that in three years young Hasan has sold some 55 of his button-bright pictures and earned more than \$2,000.

The son of an artist father, Hasan started smearing paint on doors and walls as a toddler. Daytimes, he called for paints and brushes; at bedtime he preferred the lives of famous artists to *Mother Goose*. When he was five and beginning to develop a style, his family took him along on a trip to Paris; Hasan could hardly be pried away from the museums. Once, in a burst of enthusiasm, he scaled up a pedestal to a Rodin bust, hugged & kissed it. His father was studying with Painter André Lhote at that time, and one day he took one of Hasan's pictures over to show the master. Lhote seized the painting, thinking it was the senior Kaptan's work. "At last," he exclaimed, "you have found the true feeling of the modern."

Last week U.S. art lovers got a chance to judge for themselves. At a Manhattan

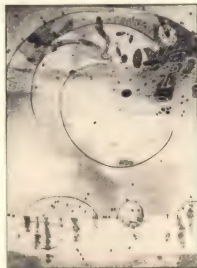


Gordon Parks—LIFE

HASAN KAPTAN & PAINTINGS A wheel-shaped nightmare.

gallery, 36 of Hasan's paintings were on exhibit—delightful studies of musicians, kings, carousels and clowns—as bright and intricate as fine Turkish rugs. Hasan's color effects are strong, to say the least: blood red and seafoam green, harlequin combinations of yellow, black, mauve and blue. His figures are tortured and twisted: grinning, round-faced peasants with shark's teeth, haunted, droopy-eyed old women, a wheel-shaped nightmare of a sea captain. On opening day, five of the pictures were snapped up and the gallery was looking for a sellout.

Hasan himself was in Turkey, painting, going to school, and playing soccer in his spare time. There wasn't enough money



Paul Kantor Gallery

MULLICAN'S "THE MEASUREMENT" A personal stratosphere.

to send him to the U.S. along with his paintings. But Hasan is bearing up. He would like to see the U.S. and "paint those majestic skyscrapers," but right now there's school, and it might not be a good idea to miss classes. As he admits himself, he is a little weak in arithmetic.

Landscapes of the Mind

Los Angeles' Lee Mullican, 37, is a lanky (6 ft. 4 in.), transplanted Oklahoman with prematurely grey hair and a bird's-eye approach to art. His bright abstractions have a rarefied upper-air look, almost as if they were terrain studies done from 30,000 ft. There is good reason for this. Lee Mullican discovered his personal art style as a member of a topographical battalion in World War II—drawing operations maps from aerial photographs.

After a look at Mullican's current show, the first he has ever held in Los Angeles, the critics gave him hearty cheers. It was not the first time for the cheers. In four years, his canvases have been hung in 19 exhibits from coast to coast, and have been bought up by museums and private collectors. The San Francisco *Chronicle* calls him "one of the most original, independent and thoroughly accomplished young painters in this or any other part of the world."

Painter Mullican has spent half his young life searching for a style. He tried everything from print-making to wildly abstract human figures, but it was the war and his 21 months as an Army topographer in the Pacific that showed him what he was looking for. Today, he builds his strange and wonderful landscapes by laying on row after row of thin, radiating lines in red, yellow and brown paint with the blunt edge of a knife. He works until the ridges seem to catch and reflect the light, like fine embroidery done in metallic thread, and then he is satisfied.

In his tumble-down cottage in Los Angeles' Brentwood section, Mullican leads the life of a happy bachelor. His steady companions are three wise-looking Siamese cats, and he spends his time painting in his personal stratosphere. Sometimes it seems a lot more interesting than the world down below. Says he: "You might call my paintings landscapes of the mind. Anything can happen; there can be caves in space, or mountains in the sky, or stars on the ground. It's rather like playing God, myself."

Digestible Moderns

Italy's annual invasion of Manhattan's art galleries was under way last week, and some of the early arrivals were a change from what the U.S. had come to expect. On view at one 57th Street gallery were 14 pleasantly light and digestible paintings by three modern artists which were as different from the familiar abstractions as red wine from white. The three:

GIORGIO MORANDI, 62, who won international attention when he took first prize for painting at Venice's 1948 Biennale. One of Italy's favorite painter painters,



Michael Lovell

ART FOR HER SAKE

As the annual pre-Christmas pace quickens along Fifth Avenue, the most artful of gentlemen's gifts for ladies come into their own. As old as Tutankhamen, the jeweler's art combines imaginative design with the most delicate craftsmanship. Some of this year's handsomest offerings are shown above. The necklace, of 104 oval rubies and 215 diamonds in a classically simple design, sells for \$150,000 at Harry Winston's,

where the wrist-warming ruby bracelet is a cool \$100,000 (Jeweler Winston likes to cover platinum settings with diamonds—"metal is cold"). At Tiffany's, bargain hunters will find the \$15,300 emerald bracelet and the \$39,000 brooch featuring an emerald cut from a Turkish sultan's belt buckle. Just down the Avenue, Cartier's collection includes such relatively inexpensive samples of modern design as the \$2,400 sprig of diamond-studded seaweed and the sporty \$1,250 amethyst turtle ("best worn with tweeds").

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Performance of the C-47 is proof of Douglas leadership in aviation. Planes which can be produced in quantity, to fly further and faster with a bigger payload, are a basic Douglas concept.



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Morandi has been preoccupied with empty bottles of all sizes and shapes for most of his adult life. This time, only one of his creamy pictures is of bottles. The other two: a still life of oyster shells, a landscape as calm and peaceful as the countryside around Morandi's native Bologna.

MASSIMO CAMPIGLI, 57, a Florentine whose Byzantine-looking paintings of young girls have toured the world's art capitals, hang in many of its best museums. His round-faced girls sit rolling yarn, fixing necklaces, posing nude; each with a happy expression, a pair of bright sloe eyes and not a care in the world.

ANTONIO MUSIC (rhymes with do stitch), 43, who was almost unknown until a Paris show last year set critics cheering, Brought up on an island off Dalmatia's coast, where "everyone has his own donkey." Music paints spectral quadrupeds and hilly landscapes in dusty roses, blues and ochers, almost as if he sees them through a sandstorm. Music was a more realistic painter when the Nazis arrested him in 1943 as a partisan sympathizer, later sent him to Dachau. Says he: "Perhaps the ugly things of the concentration camp have brought me toward poetry. There is more mystery in me now."

Maggie's Drawers

It was enough to make an old salt weep. On a cruise to the Mediterranean last summer, the sleek, grey aircraft carrier *Magnificent*, 14,000 fighting tons and the pride of Canada's navy, began looking like a ruddy art gallery. The radio-room walls sprouted brightly colored canvases, the shipwright shop was festooned with art, so was the barber shop.

An officer was the chief culprit: Lieut. Commander C. Anthony Law, D.S.C., C.D., the "Maggie's" top training officer and onetime Canadian war artist, had started a drawing and painting class for 23 sailors who knew nothing about art.

Calling themselves "Maggie's Art Club," they tackled seascapes and carrier scenes at first. Later, on shore leave in Greece, Malta, North Africa, and Scotland, they hired buses and taxis, went bouncing off to paint fishing boats, beaches, mountain lakes and villages. Some seemed to model themselves on the 10th century French impressionists, some on the romantics, while others were harshly realistic. There were also a few pieces of surrealism and a scattering of abstractions. Even more interesting to Law was the quality of the work. "I've tried to let them come along on their own," he says, "and they've developed amazingly well."

Just how well the Maggie's amateurs had done was apparent last week. The carrier was in at Halifax, and one of the town's art galleries exhibited 48 of the paintings. The crowds were large and just about everybody was impressed. Said one Canadian artist: "Some of those sailors are on the march. They're really going places." Maggie's first art class is breaking up as its members get transferred to new ships. But Commander Law's pupils say they will keep on painting—and spread the habit through the Royal Canadian Navy.

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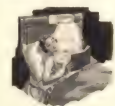
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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the New York Times:

PROTESTANT UNITY
DIVIDES SEEKERS

The Compass Quits

Manhattan's pinko *Daily Compass* finally folded. Deep in debt, the three-year-old tabloid, lineal descendant of the pinko *PM*, reached a peak circulation of 54,000 after the start of the Korean war, then slumped to 30,000. The *Compass*, originally backed by International Harvester heiress Mrs. Emmons Blaine, 86 (TIME, May 16, 1950), was in the red more often than the black. This week the paper's mortgagors and creditors closed in and sold the *Compass*' fixtures and machinery at auction. Said Editor Ted Thackeray: "We ran out of money. We're through."

A Warning, Mr. President

As senior White House correspondent, U.P.'s Merriman ("Thank you, Mr. President") Smith knows as much about presidential press relations as any man in Washington. This week Correspondent Smith gave the "new President of the United States" the benefit of his experience, and issued a "friendly warning" to him to watch his step. "You may grow to hate us as some of your predecessors did," writes Smith in the current *This Week*. "You may try to use us as whipping boys and punching bags. If things don't go your way, you may attempt to destroy public confidence in us... It can be a pleasant relationship or it can be worse than a nightmare..."

"Unless the new President is a consummate actor with an iron hide, he won't find the spotlight particularly pleasant. If he attempts to curb coverage... he'll find himself quickly and widely denounced as a sinister threat to freedom of the press. On the other hand, if he surrenders completely to the insatiable desires of the press... he'll find little time to run the Government..."

"Generally speaking, a President begins his stay in the White House with 'a good press.' Everybody likes to slap the winner on the back... At this point, the President and his family will be so happy about being elected that they will have few objections to close coverage. This happy state of affairs will be subject to change about the time the inauguration bunting comes down... Most Presidents, if they stay in the White House long enough, become convinced that they are being persecuted by the press."

To avoid that feeling and to avoid actually being persecuted, Smith suggests seven "don'ts for our new President: 1) Don't be careless with your secrets, 2) Don't discount all criticism, 3) Don't bridle, publicly, about being followed, 4) Don't lie to reporters, 5) Don't drink or swear in public, 6) Don't be patronizing to reporters or photographers, 7) Don't lose your temper in public."

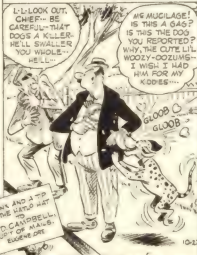
He'll Do It Every Time

Cartoonist Jimmy Hatlo, a jovial, big-domed man who explodes into mock-temper tantrums, makes more than \$250,000 a year by illustrating his simple theory that things always happen at the worst possible moment. Last week Hatlo, whose syndicated cartoon "They'll Do It Every

MAILMAN A/MUCILAGE FINALLY GOT TIRED OF BEING RUN OUT OF GAS BY A DOG—SO—HE COMPLAINED TO THE SUPERINTENDENT...



SO—THE "SOOPER" MAKES A CALL—THE BALCONY SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET" HAS NOTHING ON HIM AND THE DOOGH...



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FRIENDLY ENEMIES



One of the Navy's GRUMMAN GUARDIANS makes a pass over one of the Navy's submarines. It's a case of "friendly enemies" . . . for as the mongoose is trained to kill cobras, these big, carrier-based aircraft are designed to find and destroy submarines. One type of GUARDIAN, equipped with long range radar devices, hunts down the enemy. Then others, lighter on radar but heavier on bombs, come in for the "kill."



GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

Contractors to the Armed Forces

Time" runs in 637 dailies around the world, had real-life facts to back up his fiction. On its front page, the *Denver Post* reached the peak of a campaign to prove that dogs are "man's best friend." The *Post* was all out to block an anti-dog ordinance in the city council that would virtually force dog owners to keep their pets on a leash or shut up in yards of homes. On its back page the same day, the *Post* ran a Hatlo cartoon showing a saber-toothed dog tearing the pants off "Mailman McMucilage." As dogs do every time, the man-eater struck a "cute I'll Woozy-Ozzums" pose when the postal inspector arrived to investigate McMucilage's complaint. Nevertheless, the harm was done. Hatlo had sabotaged the paper's campaign.

He quickly made amends to the *Post* with a special Hatlo cartoon (a *Post* editor tearing his hair and screaming "Kill the Hatlo cartoon!! No, better still, kill Hat-



CARTOONIST HATLO
Up from Swineskin Gulch.

lo!") and Hatlo's "abject apologies to every dog . . . in Denver." Said his apology: "This sort of thing is always happening to me. If I draw a cold-weather cartoon showing my characters shivering in their red underwear . . . the temperature will rise to about 102°F. the day it appears."

Bigdome & Tremblechin. Because his comic, faintly tragic drawings show situations that are always happening to his readers, Hatlo at 55 has become one of the best-known cartoonists in the U.S. His two-panel cartoons are populated with such characters as "J. Pluvius Bigdome," stuffed-shirt, penny-pinching president of Bilgewater Beverage Co.; Henry Tremblechin, Bigdome's browbeaten employee; Phootkiss, the office climber; Lushwell, a well-meaning but unpopular drunk who drags reluctant friends off to the El Clippo nightclub; and Gliblip, the unctuous sales manager. Typical Hatlo situation: browbeaten Mr. Tremblechin, nervously on his

A Chinese crow, a missionary, and . . .

Even before Doctors Minot and Murphy discovered the value of liver in the treatment of pernicious anemia, a missionary in China had learned from an old Chinese doctor that crow's liver cured this disease and he tried it successfully in one case. The long search for this antianemic substance in liver resulted, recent ly, in the discovery of the red crystals of vitamin B₁₂. Further research established that the most practical source of this vitamin is not liver but a by-product of streptomycin, an antibiotic.

Development and constant improvement of new medicines may often take an unpredictable and challenging course. A drug, at first worth many times its weight in gold, becomes cheap and consequently available to all as a result of improved production methods. The investment of the millions necessary for research and development is therefore both sound business and sound humanitarianism.

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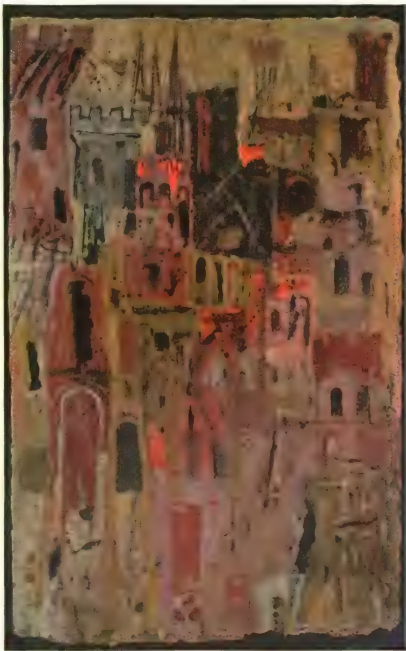


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St. Thomas Aquinas
on the salvation of man



Artist: Philip Guston

Three things are necessary for the salvation of man: to know what he ought to believe; to know what he ought to desire; and to know what he ought to do. (*Two Precepts of Charity*, 1273)



CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

way to his first dinner at Bigdome's house, dropping his false teeth and smashing them on the pavement.

Most of Hatlo's crowded scenes are in an office or living room, but he is equally at home in the kitchen, ballpark or local hospital, where the best-looking nurses are always taking care of the patient with the bandage over his eyes. Hatlo has no trouble getting ideas; his readers send him 200 suggestions a week.

Snobs & Iodine. Hatlo quit school in Los Angeles at 14, became a printer's devil, and in his spare time was a publicity man for Mack Sennett. He worked his way into cartooning on the sports page of Hearst's San Francisco *Bulletin*. William R. Hearst himself spotted his drawings of an improbable community Hatlo called "Swineskin Gulch," and ordered *Bulletin* editors to use more Hatlo cartoons. In 1928 he tried his first "They'll Do It Every Time," was so flooded with letters from readers suggesting ideas that he has drawn it ever since. By 1943, Tremblechin's dreadful little daughter Iodine had become so gruesomely popular that Hatlo put her into a Sunday strip all her own.

Once a year Hatlo leaves his Pebble Beach, Calif. home to travel around the U.S. for three months searching out the amiable "snobs, cheats, phonies and bores" that populate his cartoons. "Drawing the cartoon is just a matter of looking around," says he, "and putting down the things that annoy you."

A Korean Tale

During the 18 months he was chief censor and public information officer for the Eighth Army in Korea, Lieut. Colonel Melvin Voorhees, 50, had more than a military interest in the coverage of the war. A veteran newsmen himself (during World War II left as editor of the now defunct *Tacoma Times*), Reservist Voorhees kept a file on how the correspondents were covering the war. He shipped his notes home to his wife, who passed them on to a publisher. This week, for his extracurricular writing, Voorhees (1) had a brand-new book, *Korean Tales* (Simon & Schuster; \$3), and (2) faced a charge that may bring court-martial. The charge: (1) breaking the rule that all writing by soldiers on active duty must be cleared by the Army, (2) disobeying a superior who had specifically ordered him to clear the book.

Psychicks & Pessimists. The Army refused to clear Voorhees' book largely because it objected to a chapter called "The Press," in which he accused newsmen of everything from sending dispatches that "mislead thoroughly" to doing a "diservice to the fighting Army." Voorhees charged that most correspondents were "extreme" pessimists who sowed "doubt and fear among Americans as to the skill and honesty of Army leaders." They seemed, he says, "indifferent to the consequences of their dispatches. They appeared to pretend they operated in a vacuum, above criticism, shorn of responsibility, answerable to no one or nothing save the signers of



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their paychecks." Some correspondents broke, or evaded, censorship, says Voorhees, and deliberately misinterpreted communiqués.

Good & Bad. To support his charges, Voorhees is short on the documentation which old Newsmen Voorhees should have known enough to supply. Furthermore, he glosses over the fact that many of the censorship violations and other troubles with correspondents were due to snafus among the Army censors themselves. But Voorhees does pay his respects to many reporters who in his judgment did a good job. Topping his list is the *Herald Tribune's* Homer Bigart. Among several dozen others who rate high marks on his list: the Associated Press's Leif Erickson, Reuters' Ronald Bachelor, L.N.S. Correspondent Frank Conniff (the best for



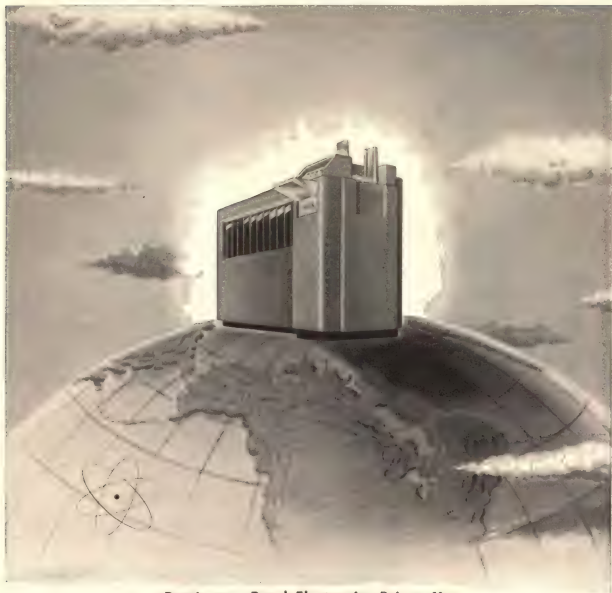
Associated Press

LIEUT. COLONEL VORHEES

The Army objected.

"atmospheric prose"), the New York Times' Dick Johnson. The *Trib's* Marguerite Higgins often filed good stories, says Voorhees, but "she and the other [women] distinctly were out of place in a battle zone conditioned to the convenience . . . of the male," e.g., open-air latrines and communal sleeping.

When Voorhees came back to the U.S. last year on rotation, he went to the Army to discuss clearance. Voorhees says a long list of changes was demanded not only in references to the press but to the generals. He was too critical of MacArthur, and the book had slighting references to other Army officers. Voorhees made some changes, but not all that were demanded, arguing that the censoring of his book was based on "personal prejudice." The Army replied that the book was bound to create ill feeling between the press and Army and make it harder for officers to work with correspondents in the future. This week, his book ready to go into the stalls, Writer Voorhees prepared to face charges that may lead to a court-martial.



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The Unbeaten Few

U.S. colleges thirsting for top football ranking are well aware that being good is by no means good enough. Being perfect helps—if the schedule is hard enough. In the hard white light of the national polls, a tie casts a black shadow and a loss practically turns the light out. After last week-end's games, only five major teams were still unbeaten and untied.

The week's big game matched two of the undefeated: **Georgia Tech**, the nation's top defensive team, and **Duke**, Southern Conference leader. Tech's Rambling Wrecks were a one-point favorite at kickoff time, and from the opening whistle their famed lightweight (191 lbs. average) defense platoon set about the business of smothering Duke's star passer, Worth ("a million") Lutz. Tech Tackle Bob Sherman twice broke through the heavier (by 15 lbs.) Duke line to block punts and break up touchdowns. Georgia Tech ended up on the long end of a 28-7 score, the undisputed Southeastern Conference leader, possessor of invitations from both the Sugar and Orange Bowls, and in a strong position to demand recognition as the nation's No. 1 team.

Top-rated **Michigan State** had its hands full subduing hopped-up **Purdue**, 14-7, for its 21st straight victory. An alert goal-line pass interception by State Linebacker Doug Weaver, with three minutes to go, saved a possible tie. **Purdue**, now twice beaten (Notre Dame was the other winner), is still top dog in the Big Ten. An **Illinois** upset of **Michigan**, 22-13, may have smoothed **Purdue's** Rose Bowl-bound path.

One of the Pacific Coast Conference's undefeated titans, the **U.C.L.A. Bruins**, had a field day, 28-7, against once-beaten

California. The West Coast's other top Rose Bowl contender, **Southern California**, had a day off.

Unbeaten **Maryland**, the nation's No. 2 team, romped over **Boston University**, 34-7, for its 19th straight, while unbeaten but once tied (by Colorado) **Oklahoma**, ranked No. 4, was upending **Iowa State**, 41-0, in a Big Seven Conference game.

With a month to go, three of the five all-winning teams, Michigan State, Maryland and Georgia Tech, have a good chance to end with perfect records. The other two, Southern California and U.C.L.A., will meet Nov. 22 in a game that should leave one in possession of the Rose Bowl jackpot, and still in the running for the pollsters' mythical title: the nation's top team.

The Fix That Failed

College football has had its share of scandals, with public outcries about such matters as rough play, excessive injuries, subsidizing of players, cheating on eligibility standards. But no gamblers' fixing mess has ever marred the sport; most fans would regard that as unthinkable.

Last week, however, less than two years after the airing of widespread college basketball scandals, it was disclosed that a would-be fixer had tried to bribe three star players at the University of Maryland, unbeaten and ranked second in the U.S. A Maryland junior named Louis L. Glickfield, who had tried out for the squad and failed, reportedly offered bribes of \$1,000 to Center Tom Cosgrove, \$400 to Guard Frank Navarro, and, unaccountably, only \$100 to Quarterback Jack Scarbath, the team's key ball-handler. Glickfield did not ask his ex-teammates to throw the game with Louisiana State; he just wanted them to hold the winning



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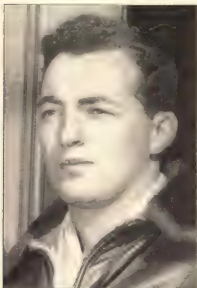


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margin below 21 points, the gamblers' "point spread" on the game. That way, bets on losing Louisiana would still have to be paid off, and someone could make a killing.

The three players promptly reported the bribe offer to Maryland Coach Jim Tatum. "Why didn't you kill the guy?" Tatum growled at Quarterback Scarbath. Then Tatum called the cops. Against L.S.U., the fired-up trio and their teammates ran up a 34-0 score before Tatum



LOUIS GLICKFIELD
Three tries, no dice.

relaxed and sent in a stream of substitutes. Final score, well above the gamblers' spread: 34-6.

This week, after turning himself over to a smart lawyer who hustled him into a District of Columbia court, Louis Glickfield, frustrated both as player and fixer, was free on \$1,000 bail; he was preparing to fight extradition to Maryland, which has a special law covering bribery of athletes. Maximum penalty: a \$5,000 fine and three years in prison.

Fair Game

Two days before the big game-hunting season opened in Colorado, a couple of over-eager runners from Oklahoma, Merrel Metts and Lloyd Luna, shot five deer. Nabbed by sharp-eyed game wardens, the two poachers were taken before a justice of the peace who socked them with fines of \$2,725 apiece, the largest poaching fines in Colorado history, and sentenced them to 30 days in jail.

Last week, as the season reached its peak in the Rocky Mountain area west of Denver and some 135,000 legal, licensed hunters were hot on the trail, the two poachers were serving out their time. Most Coloradans thought they had got just what they deserved. But even the legal hunters were cutting some unlovely capers as they went after deer, elk or bear.

Any target, dead or alive, seemed to be

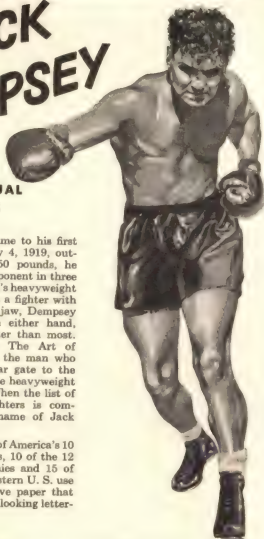


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fair game. One rancher near Glenwood Springs, hoping to protect a pet doe and her twin fawns, watched helplessly as a carload of hunters, guns blazing, killed the fawns and wounded the doe. Two days later he found the doe dead. The indignant rancher braced his dead pet up near the roadside, then sat back and waited to see what would happen. He did not have to wait long.

Moments later, four hunters drove up, jumped out and opened fire from the road. The fusillade ripped through the already dead deer. But just to make sure, the hunters rushed over and cut its throat. They ran when the rancher approached. Again the rancher propped up the carcass. Two more hunters approached, shot the dead deer and made off with the riddled remains before the rancher could get close enough to stop them.*

Happy Hunting Grounds. Despite incidents and accidents, Colorado mainly welcomed the hunting invasion, which gives the state a \$7.5 million yearly business. In Colorado's happy hunting grounds, deer hunters get their game 75% of the time, elk hunters 30%. Lured by the promise of profitable shooting, hunters from 44 states, Alaska, Hawaii, Mexico, and even South Africa, roamed the mountains last year. This year they ranged from completely outfitted safaris from Texas (one man towed a jeep-load of equipment behind his Cadillac) to local residents, who, for the price of a license (\$7.50) and ammunition, could salt away a winter's supply of venison by just strolling out in their own back acres.

Elsewhere in the U.S., even bigger armies of hunters were getting ready to move out this week. Because of forest fires, New York's fields and woodlands were closed to hunters. But in Michigan, where the largest deer herds in the country roam (estimates put the deer population at 1,000,000), some 500,000 resident hunters are oiling up their guns for a mass attack, augmented by 8,000 out-of-staters, in one of the best hunting grounds in the U.S. Despite the traditional red hunting caps and other precautions, the hunting will not be altogether happy: in Michigan, the death toll for hunters will be about one a day; in the U.S. this season, when all the shooting is over, an estimated 500 hunters will be dead.

Who Won

¶ The Mexican army jumping team, six of eleven events, in the Pennsylvania National Horse Show; at Harrisburg.

¶ Brookfield Farm's Isasmoothie, \$59,410 and the Pimlico Futurity, a major test for two-year-olds; at Baltimore.

¶ Former Welterweight Champion Johnny Bratton, a slam-bang eighth round T.K.O. over Joe Miceli, to strengthen Bratton's hopes for another shot at Cuba's World Champion Kid Gavilan; in New York City.

* The incident reminded many of a 1949 experiment by Marine Major George Gilliland of Long Beach, Calif., who set up a stuffed buck at the roadside in hunting country and saw it shot some 400 times in two days.



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MUSIC

Hi-Fis at Work

A "hi-fi" (for "high fidelity") is a man who believes that sooner or later he can hook up enough amplifiers, tone arms and speakers in his living room to make his recordings sound just as good as a performance in a concert hall—maybe better. Half a dozen years ago, there was hardly a platoon of them in the whole U.S. Last week in Manhattan, 15,000 of them trooped to the fourth annual hi-fi roundup, known as the Audio Fair, Parts-makers and plain fans, they took over 116 rooms of the New Yorker Hotel, set up their wares and turned on the switches.

There was plenty to sample in the resulting hi-fi bedlam—speakers that looked like kettledrums or corner cupboards, tape

carries the same music, but the music is caught in slightly different sonic "perspectives." In a recording of a symphony, for example, the violins will be slightly stronger in the left speaker, the brasses stronger in the right. A listener sitting between should hear approximately what he hears from the best seats at a concert.

Last week's exhibitions proved that binatural recordings work. But until the major record and phonograph companies find a way to bring the costs of the system down, it will likely remain just a novelty for the well-heeled hi-fi. Main drawbacks at present: 1) there is no repertory of double-grooved records—only a few specimen recordings, and 2) a home system for playback might cost twice as much as today's equipment.



Time Diagram by J. Donovan

recorders the size of a wallet or a washing machine, amplifiers that cost from \$40 to \$400, complete hookups from \$150 (Spartan economy) to \$3,500 (Sybaritic luxury). But as the fair went on, most of the excitement centered around something called "binaural" (or "stereophonic") sound. Aim of binaural sound: to give the ears the same effect of realistic "presence" that Cinerama films—or the old-fashioned stereoscope—give the eyes.

The possibility of such a sound system has fascinated sound engineers for years. Experiments by early radio engineers and, in the recording field, by Manhattan's Audak Co. a generation ago proved that it was technically possible to get extremely high fidelity of tone by the use of duplicate, spaced microphones, duplicate recordings and duplicate speakers. It has taken the popularity of hi-fi to bring the idea out of the labs. Last week two tape recorder manufacturers, one disk equipment firm and one record company were demonstrating working models.

Some models were designed for playing records, others tape. But each depended on a thoroughly binatural system, from pickup on through to home playback. This means two microphones to "hear" the performance, two systems of groovings on the same record (or double-track tape), a double-pronged tone arm, two amplifiers and two speakers. Each circuit

Subconscious Pianist

In Manhattan the word went out among the live-wire jive set: hear Brubeck. At 31, Dave Brubeck of Ione, Calif., is best known on the West Coast, but his piano playing has begun to get around. To his admirers, it is not only a brand-new style, it is the handsomest stuff since the birth of pop. In one of Manhattan's basement jazz dens last week, Brubeck and his quartet gave the East an earful.

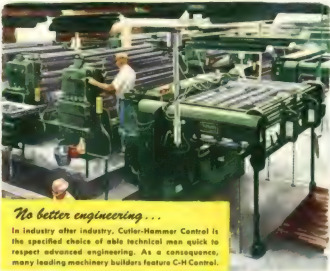
The little band plays in quiet tones. Picking out a popular tune like *All the Things You Are*, Pianist Brubeck and Saxophonist Paul Desmond toss the theme back & forth for a while. Then, before long, the tune disappears and in its place, stream-of-consciousness style, come whimsical variations hinting at everything from Stravinsky to Gershwin to Bach. When he comes to his solo part, Brubeck picks a random theme and toys with it, reflectively trying it first on the white keys, then on the black, allowing traces of Mozart or John Philip Sousa to creep in. Then his eyes close, his head weaves, and the music settles into a firm idea and starts prancing up the keyboard.

Brubeck harmonies become more & more complicated, build up to a pulsing climax, then, rather unbelievably, push on past it. At the final peak Brubeck is often playing in two keys at once before he

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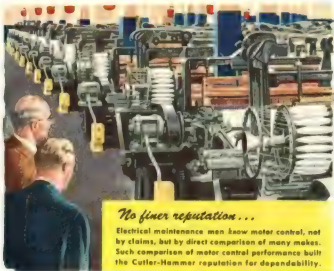
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finally wrings his idea dry and the music subsides. When it is over, the jive fans look at each other in something like a daze before they burst into applause.

Dave Brubeck plays in a kind of daze of his own; he can never remember exactly what he did during his finest solos ("When I'm playing my best I never know my fingers are there"). But as a man who is conscious of his subconscious, he has decided that his best flights of fancy occur



DAVE BRUBECK
A doze of his own.

only when he can "get through" to it.

He started creating music and playing the piano at home in Concord, Calif. when he was four. Later he studied at Mills College in Oakland with Composer Darius Milhaud (who remembers him affectionately as a "good composer"), and worked at "counterpoint until it ran out of my ears." When listeners notice his Bach-like counterpoint and his big, polytonal chords, he says, "When I play jazz I am influenced by classical music. And when I compose I am influenced by jazz."

Like many a post-bop jazzman, Brubeck has no name for his style of playing. He just calls it "music."

The Tapesichordists

Every age has had its characteristic instruments: in the 17th century it was the voice, in the 18th the clavichord and pipe organ, in the 19th the piano and the symphony orchestra. The 20th century instrument is the record machine—a phonograph or a tape recorder.

Until recently, the instrument has been little more than a musical morgue where performances could be preserved and exhumed at will. Last summer the U.S. got a taste of creative recording in France's *musique concrète*, a compilation of natural sounds (trains, bells, crowd noises, etc.), recorded on tape, cut and spliced at patterns to make a composition.

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Museum of Modern Art, still another kind of composition for tape recorder was unwound: *Low Speed, Invention and Fantasy in Space* by Otto Luening and *Sonic Contours* by Vladimir Ussachevsky. Out of the loudspeaker came the sound of a flute—but a flute that could growl like a bassoon, or thunder like the trumpet of doom, as well as chirp like a bird—and the sound of a piano that seemed to accompany itself with organ tones. Haunting both instruments was a maze of echoes and pulsing overtones.

Critics thought the sounds were striking or amusing, reserved judgment on musical values. But they saw the point of Conductor Leopold Stokowski's introductory remarks: the conventional composer usually has to wait for somebody else to play his music, and it might be to his advantage to work, like the painter, directly




USSACHEVSKY & LUENING
A maze of echoes.

on the materials of sound—the tape recorder, for instance.

Composer Luening agrees. For a quarter century he has tried without success to find other performers who could improvise with him when he plays on the flute. When he got together with Ussachevsky last summer, he was delighted to find that he could improvise with himself via tape. Very soon, the men were using devices that automatically distorted, attenuated and reverberated the notes they played. They decided that the resulting tones were not just sounds, but the stuff of music.

They have spent most of their spare time since trying to organize the random echoes and overtones into understandable patterns—and, if they turned up barnyard squawks and eerie moans along the way, maybe those could be used too. They know their “tapesichord” will never displace the orchestra (“After all, Beethoven's *Ninth* is still Beethoven's *Ninth*”), but they believe it will give composers a brand-new range of effects.



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Room for Meditation

Religious groups have long insisted that there should be a place for prayer at United Nations headquarters. The new headquarters in Manhattan has one—at least it is a place where a man can pray if he wants to. With due regard to the anti-religious feelings of Stalin & Co., it is called a "Meditation Room."

The room on the main floor of the General Assembly building is V-shaped, with off-white curtains, a dark green rug, and five rows of dignified russet chairs. (The chairs are seldom occupied, and guards on duty nearby have yet to see a delegate go there to meditate.)

Visitors are told that absolute neutrality of décor is necessary in "this most sensitive of emotional fields." Therefore, there is nothing in the room to remind one of any of the world's religions. The U.N. flag, however, is tastefully displayed against the wall, and there is a pedestal set at the end of the room, with a bowl of flowers on it. As the commanding point in the room, the pedestal has been designed to "go back to nature itself, like almost all religions." It is an upright section of a mahogany tree, believed to be from the Belgian Congo, and about 250 years old.

Reformation Anniversary

It was 435 years ago, on October 31, 1517, that an Augustinian friar named Martin Luther posted 95 theses for theological debate on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg, Germany. Last week most Protestant churches throughout the world were celebrating this anniversary as Reformation Sunday. But, although Luther's act is almost universally regarded as the beginning of the Reformation, there is little unanimity, even among Protestants, about what he set out to do, and what he accomplished after the theses were posted.

One of the best guidebooks to the Reformer's works and their influence on modern times is *Luther Now* (Muhlenberg; \$2.50), by Bishop Hanns Lilje of Hannover, the active and scholarly German prelate who this year was elected president of the Lutheran World Federation (TIME, Aug. 17). His book was written to put Luther "in clear historical perspective" for modern Christians.

Personal Thinking. "The so-called modern era in history," says Bishop Lilje, "begins as the personal experience of one man." Luther did not set out to destroy the unity of the Roman Catholic Church—it was 20 years after he nailed up his Wittenberg theses before he decided that the break with Rome was inevitable. "He had neither a cultural program nor world-encircling organizational plans. He was simply himself, going his own path, fighting his way through the problems of faith that were laid upon him," Lilje quotes Luther's own statement: "God has led me into all this 'like a blind nag.'"

What was Luther's experience? It was



BISHOP LILJE
Together in the valleys.

Michael Sauter

a conviction, coming from his own spiritual "anguish," that "God must reveal himself, if man is to find him." Luther had doubts, fostered by the bewildering changes of his world—the new discoveries, the rise of nationalism, and the incapacity of the 16th century popes to order Christianity as their predecessors had. These doubts "did not take the pale form of modern agnosticism, but [they were] the much more terrifying doubt whether God had forsaken him or no longer cared about this man, Martin Luther."

In his study at Wittenberg, Luther decided that the clanking hierarchy of the



John G. Johnson Art Collection, Philadelphia
MARTIN LUTHER
Alone on the ramparts.

16th century church did not help a man find God, but stood in his way. He found the way to salvation in "personal thinking" about God. The individual must seek his own salvation. Neither the church, as such, nor the decaying medieval society could find it for him. "We may shout into each other's ears," Luther once wrote, "but each man must stand on the ramparts alone."

Liberating the Spirit. Modern critics, following Protestant scholars of the 19th century, have praised Luther because he "liberated the spirit" of science, "by freeing all areas of life from the supreme authority of the church." This compliment, says Bishop Lilje, "is probably undeserved." It comes principally from the wishful thinking of secular scholars who thought Luther felt the same way about religion as they did.

On the contrary, Bishop Lilje argues, Luther was above all a religious man, whose break with Catholicism was incidental to his own spiritual struggle. Luther was not a humanist, and he thought most Renaissance discoveries unnecessary because they were part of a "worldly" order. Says Bishop Lilje: "The Reformation gave the scholar independence from the hierarchy for his studies, but it never intended to release scholarship from its ties to God and the God-given order." The reformers, just as the medieval scholastics, believed that "all scholarship is related to the supernatural."

Luther always accepted the church as a "divine institution." He differed from the Catholics in denying that its structure was a divine institution as well. He believed that the church exists "wherever Christ is preached and accepted in faith." Consistent with his religious attitude, Luther felt that the authority of nations also rested "upon a divinely instituted order" and not "upon a contractual agreement between the citizens." His political theory was pegged to the maxim: "Obedience is the supreme duty of the citizen."

Uncertain Existence. Martin Luther's "personal thinking" in religious matters, says Author Lilje, was the Reformation's great contribution to the modern world, and it paved the way for a new individualism in Western culture. ("An individual who knows that he stands in solitary responsibility before God learns to become independent of human authorities.")

In other more specific ways, says Lilje, the reformers helped construct a new world order. From Luther on, they sponsored popular education and the use of vernacular languages. Luther himself evolved a new theory of charity that prevented "a breakdown of the social order in the 16th century," when the medieval pattern of almsgiving for the good of the donor's soul fell into neglect. Luther told his followers that "the aim of charity is the independence of the individual; the helpless must be trained to help themselves."

Summarizing, Bishop Lilje compares the breakdown of the "optimistic world view" of the 19th century with the fall of the medieval world order in Luther's

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time. He writes: "His plight, like ours, is a profound sense of the uncertainty of human existence. We are not secure in this world, but in constant peril... All human roads seek to avoid these deep valleys. It was Luther's experience that God purposely leads us through them in order to make us receptive to His Word."

Strike the Shepherd

Father Patrick J. Byrne was 35 when he went to Korea to open the first mission of the American Maryknoll Fathers there. That was 29 years ago. Thereafter, save for a six-year assignment in the U.S., Father Byrne made the Far East missions his life work. He was a missionary in Japan when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, but thanks to his widely known charities he was never interned. Later he returned to Korea as bishop and apostolic delegate. There, he denounced



BISHOP BYRNE

The Communists refused to answer.

the Communist persecution of priests in North Korea. The Communist formula, he wrote, was: "Strike the shepherd and the sheep will be scattered."

When the Communists invaded South Korea, Byrne refused to leave his flock in Seoul. He was arrested and later taken far north of the Communist line, along with his secretary, Father William Booth. Reports reaching Seoul said that he was weak and ill-treated. Last year, during the truce talks, Father Booth's name appeared on a list of civilian prisoners, but not Bishop Byrne's. The Communists refused to answer questions about him.

Last week, "on the basis of information received" from Korea, the Vatican declared Bishop Byrne dead, a victim of the Korean war. If the Vatican conclusion is correct, he is the second Roman Catholic bishop from the U.S. to die in Communist hands. The other, Francis X. Ford, also from Maryknoll, died last February in a prison hospital in Canton.

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Missionary to the Indies

After the Apostle Paul, Francis Xavier was probably the greatest missionary ever to preach the Christian Gospel. In ten years time, the 16th century Jesuit fought his way through the rediscovered countries of the East, often by himself, to make thousands of Asian converts. Thanks in part to the range and speed of his missionary work, however, Xavier's legend has become barnacled with a mass of apocryphal stories, many of them still popularly recounted.

A newly published book, *St. Francis Xavier* (Wicklow Press; \$5), is a highly successful attempt to present the saint and his work stripped of the false romanticizing. The author, Father James Brodrick, 61, is a Jesuit himself. An Irishman who lives in England, he has spent most of his life writing readable but impeccably researched books on the history of the Jesuit order. In writing *St. Francis Xavier*, he has had the advantage of a mass of new material on Xavier's life, most of it compiled by fellow Jesuit scholars.

With *Hot & Bell*, Francis Xavier came out of his native Basque country of Navarre in 1525, an ambitious young nobleman, headed for studies and pleasure at the University of Paris. He was 23, a tutor and a convivial man about town, when he met his fellow Basque, Ignatius Loyola, who was to be the founder of the Society of Jesus. After that, his life changed. Sixteen years later, a priest and a single-minded evangelist, he left Lisbon on a Portuguese carrack to found the Jesuit missions in Asia. He never returned to Europe.

As a missionary, Xavier was more like a streetcorner preacher than the polished diplomat some historians make him out to be. In Bologna, Italy he had attracted attention "by standing on a vacant bench, waving his big hat, and shouting to loungers and marketing folk to come and listen to the Word of God." In "golden, heartless Goa," the citadel of Portugal's Asiatic colonies, he got crowds for his instructions by walking up & down the streets ringing a large bell. And when he found an audience, he held it. Writes Biographer Brodrick: "Perhaps they laughed at him to start with . . . but soon a hush would fall upon them because the love that shone in his dark bewitching eyes and burned on his stammering lips spoke to their hearts so eloquently."

There was no doubting Xavier's success. Starting out from Goa, he sailed and walked through southern India, Malaya and the Celebes, then to Japan. His only equipment was a breviary, his Mass kit and a large parasol to protect him from the sun. He impressed Malay sultans and Japanese feudal barons with his poise, and he could sway the commonfolk by his zeal. In three months on the island of Amboina he baptized 1,200. Some of his missionary conquests were permanent—there are Christian Indians today whose ancestors he converted. Others, like his great Japanese mission, were later nullified by persecutions and royal decrees.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
In golden Goo, a burning love.

Navarre Gone Wrong. Because Xavier's flame burned deep but narrow, Brodrick points out, he had some tragic limitations. His lack of sympathy with native cultures hampered him in getting close to the people he wanted to Christianize. "From all appearances," writes Father Brodrick, "he looked upon India as though it were a huge Navarre gone wrong, not as a land utterly new . . . For him, the old slogan always seemed to suffice, the Christians are right, the pagans are wrong, which, while being perfectly true, by no means precludes the existence . . . of genuine holiness in such a non-Christian religion as Brahmanism."

Although Brodrick believes that St. Francis worked miracles, he casts a skeptical eye on some of them. One is the famous story that, after Xavier lost a crucifix overboard at sea, a crab miraculously returned it to the shore the next day. The saint never mentioned this himself and, although the story was cited in the Papal Bull announcing Xavier's canonization, Brodrick does not believe it. ("It is entirely a matter of evidence.") Another legend: Xavier's reputedly miraculous "gift of tongues." Father Brodrick notes that the Basque saint was a notoriously poor linguist, not even fluent in Latin. But before visiting different groups of Asian converts, he would spend hours laboriously memorizing simple sermons in Tamil, Malay or Japanese.

Just 400 years ago this month, weary and wasted, St. Francis Xavier died on Sancian Island, off the China coast. He was 46. Concludes Father Brodrick: "It was a poor and humble death, not unperplexed, such as befitted a poor and humble man who had no notion whatever that the world would want to remember him . . . He remained to the end a man, a passionate, obstinate man, capable at times of fierce resentments and highly autocratic actions, which, however, did not prevent him from being one of the most generous, large-hearted, lovable human beings this sad world has ever known."

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Play It Again

Joop Geesink, 39, is a ball-shaped Dutchman who runs the Hollywood Film Corp. in Amsterdam, where puppeteers, artists and moviemakers grind out some of the liveliest TV and theater commercials seen anywhere. Joop (pronounced yoop) supplies a few Michigan and California stations with beer commercials (Goebel Brewing Co.) which are so attractive that one station has actually received requests to "play it again." Most of Joop's commercials run about 20 seconds, feature



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Last week Joop was visiting the U.S., lining up some new accounts on the basis of his Goebel beer success. For viewers, who have learned to brace themselves or ignore, with philosophical indifference, the local brand of hard-selling commercials, it looked like an era of happy viewing, thanks to Joop and Dollywood.

Victory by Installments

NBC proudly calls its dramatic naval history of World War II "a teledocumentary film." *Victory at Sea* (Sun. 3 p.m., E.S.T., NBC), in 26 half-hour installments, is an ably edited series winnowed from 60 million feet of film in the archives of ten nations. Produced by NBC especially for television, with the cooperation of the U.S. Navy, *Victory* boasts a brilliant 13-hour score by Composer Richard (South Pacific) Rodgers, whose music is often the only description the action needs. The narration is thus as prudently sparse as it is stirring.

Victory's first chapter, called *Design for War*, shows the first feeble, then gradually stronger Allied efforts to beat off Nazi U-boat wolf packs. It leaps breathlessly back & forth between British film and captured German footage. The effect is to personalize the battle. The war becomes a stirring conflict between a Nazi submarine captain, gloating over a new kill as he downs periscope, and a half-drowned British mariner, hauled oil-covered from the wreckage of his torpedoed tanker.

This week, *Victory's* second chapter, *The Pacific Boils Over*, had TV critics cheering again. The Pearl Harbor attack is pictured, from a conference of Japanese naval brass all the way through the fateful Sunday morning when the carrier-based Japanese squadrons flew in low over Oahu's mountains. Viewers are able to watch from enemy planes, as the bombs are released. Then, from harbor vantage points, the film recreates the American feeling of dazed disbelief as the U.S. fleet is crippled.

The entire attack sequence runs without spoken narration or sound effects; the Rodgers score comments on the situation far more effectively than words could. A new sort of musical language was developed for the series. Broadway Arranger Robert Russell Bennett, who orchestrated the score and conducted the NBC Symphony's first-rate performance, gives an example: "All airplanes fly in F minor."

The idea man and moving spirit behind *Victory* is Producer Henry ("Pete") Salomon, 35, wartime lieutenant commander who collaborated on Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison's 14-volume naval chronicle of the war. Among his other accomplishments, Producer Salomon persuaded Rodgers and Bennett to compose what amounted to the longest score on record. With 17 of the 26 chapters now completed, Salomon and his dedicated team are pushing ahead, averaging a new installment every eleven days.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Nov. 7. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Best Plays (Fri. 9 p.m., NBC). *Elizabeth the Queen*, with Eva Le Gallienne.

Football (Sat. 1:15 p.m., ABC). (Sat. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Red Barber's three-hour roundup of 20 games.

And a Recipe or Two (Mon-Fri. 9:30 a.m., NBC). A new show for the ladies, starring Bob Hope.

TELEVISION

Victory at Sea (Sun. 3 p.m., NBC). *Sealing the Breach*, third in the topnotch NBC-Navy series of 26 film chapters about World War II (see above).

Omnibus (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Premiere of a Ford TV Workshop production, featuring original plays by William Saroyan and Maxwell Anderson, with Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer.



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MILESTONES

Married. Jane Wyman, 38, Oscar-winning cinemactress (*The Lost Weekend*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Johnny Belinda*); and Fred Karger, 36, Hollywood composer and orchestra leader; she for the third time (her second: Cinemactor Ronald Reagan), he for the second; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Died. Dixie Lee Crosby, 40, Tennessee-born cinemactress (*Fox Folies of 1929*, *Love in Bloom*, *Redheads on Parade*) who in 1930 married an obscure singer at Los Angeles' Coconut Grove named Harry ("Bing") Crosby; of cancer; in Beverly Hills, Calif. At the time she married Bing, newspapers headlined, DIXIE LEE MARRIES BAND SINGER, and a Hollywood producer warned: "You will have to support him for the rest of your life." As her husband's success grew (he is long since a multimillionaire), she retired from the theatrical limelight, bore four sons. Following an abdominal operation, she got out of bed last week, against doctor's orders, went to the railroad station to welcome Bing back from moviemaking in France. Next day she asked to join the faith of Bing and her four sons, was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church, then sank into a final coma.

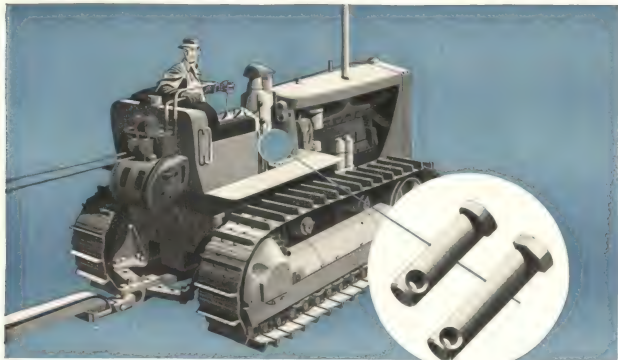
Died. Joe H. Palmer, 48, Kentucky-born authority on race horses, editor of *American Race Horses* annual, whose column "Views of the Turf" in the *New York Herald Tribune* earned him the title of "the nation's No. 1 racing writer"; of a coronary thrombosis; in Malverne, N.Y.

Died. John Semer Farnsworth, 59, Annapolis-trained lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy who was cashiered in 1927 when he borrowed money from an enlisted man, then committed perjury by disclaiming indebtedness; in Manhattan. Farnsworth also caused the U.S. Government lively embarrassment when he was convicted in 1937 (and served an eleven-year prison term) for selling Naval secrets to the Japanese for \$20,000 over a three-year period. The Japanese Embassy's only comment at the time: "Astonishing!"

Died. Louis Verneuil, 59, French playwright (*Affairs of State*, *Love and Let Love*) and author (*The Fabulous Life of Sarah Bernhardt*); by his own hand; in Paris.

Died. Martin Luther Cannon, 67, North Carolina towel and cotton goods manufacturer, onetime (1916-21) president of Cannon Mills, founder-president of the Martin Cannon Family Foundation, which aids religious and educational institutions; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. William ("Billy") Morris Hughes, 88, Australia's World War I Premier and senior statesman of the Commonwealth; of pneumonia; in Sydney, Australia (see FOREIGN NEWS).



parts shown actual size

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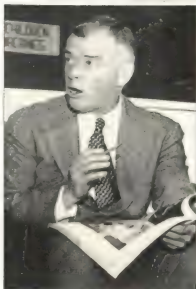
Much to everyone's surprise, the third-quarter-earnings reports that poured out last week were far better than expected. The new surge in the great boom had boosted profits until, on the average, they were running well ahead of 1951. Aggregate profits of 386 key companies in 24 industries were 7.4% higher than in 1951's third quarter. This was the first overall increase since the post-Korean buying spree in 1951's first quarter.

Actually, the gain was not as big as it looked; some of it simply reflected book-keeping adjustment. Last year's third-quarter profits were hit hard by Congress's big retroactive tax bite which came out of the third quarter in one big chunk. U.S. Steel, for example, set aside an added \$26 million in taxes to pay the bill. It was also helped by a \$5,000,000 tax credit under the excess-profits law, since this year's actual profits were below last year's. Consequently, Big Steel was able to show a third-quarter increase (92¢ per share v. 83¢ in 1951) in spite of the steel strike.

Bounce Back. Although such book-keeping and tax adjustments made comparison tricky, many of the gains reported last week were based on growing sales. For example, the giant Du Pont chemical empire in September had the best monthly sales in history (\$146.7 million), and although its nine-months' earnings were off slightly (\$3.26 v. \$3.34), the third quarter showed a big rise, from 84¢ to \$1.14. And General Motors was not only up for the quarter (\$1.31 v. \$1.01), but for the whole nine-month period (\$4.32 v. \$4.14).

Some industries were still far below their 1951 level (notably textiles and coal mining—each off 49%), but textiles had already begun a recovery. And the television industry, bouncing back from its slump, reported aggregate profit showing a 361.1% rise. Rearmament helped some other big rises: 105.7% for aircraft manufacturing; 99.3% for electrical equipment.

Growth Ahead. But most of the gains were due to better civilian business. New York department-store sales, which had been running below 1951, spurted ahead of last year's sales, and merchants were predicting a record Christmas trade. Last week the kingly auto industry finished its biggest month's production (610,676 units) in 16 months, and got the promise of bigger steel allotments in 1953's first quarter. Steelmen themselves reported enough orders to keep their mills at capacity production for at least five months. The big rise all around was reflected by the Commerce Department's report of a \$74.8 billion backlog of unfilled orders for manufacturers of all types; that was \$10.1 billion higher than a year ago. And the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production for September was the highest (225) since May of 1945—and still rising.



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
STANLEY TALBOTT
Work and wives don't mix.

MANAGEMENT

How to Be Happy

Does the big corporation executive work harder than the man who owns his own company? Which is happier and healthier? Whose wife is better off? To find the answers to these and similar questions, Arthur Stanley Talbott, a California advertising man, questioned 111 top California executives (\$35,000 a year and up). He checked the parking-lot attendants at their plants, spoke to their wives, secretaries and doctors, snooped



Walter Bennett
RALPH DAVIES
Oil can mix with water.

around their golf and yacht clubs, even checked their medicine cabinets. Last week Talbott released his findings.

Of his original group of 111, Talbott soon found 37 who were putting in only 30 hours a week or less. They got to work around 10, knocked off at 3, took three-hour lunches, played golf or went fishing two or three times a week, often stretched their weekends to four or five days. All but five of this group either owned their own companies or were officers of small local businesses.

After eliminating these 37, plus ten more who worked a straight 40-hour week (three of them were small-company men), Talbott took a look at what he had left—the 64 hard workers. They were almost all employees of large national corporations. Said Talbott: "They worked from 69 hours a week to as high as 112, and I mean all work." Most were in the office by 8, left at 6:30 with a pile of homework; when they went out to dinner (an average of three times a week), it was always on business.

The eager beavers, said Talbott, "dress better, as do their wives. Their offices are better run, their desks are neat, they can speak quietly and get action. For the most part they are better liked by their employees. The discipline is better, and so is the morale." They live well at home (all have maids), and better on the road. Their "manners are precise and good, while the small-time president is likely to spread a whole slice of bread." They take fewer sleeping pills and less alcohol, but "can sit down and have four drinks before dinner and never show it."

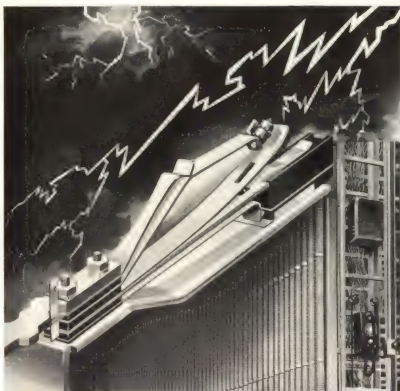
In most such cases, it is not the wife who is doing the pushing to hard work. Said Talbott: "At least 75% of the wives who are married to hard workers are unhappy. They never see their husbands." In one month, Talbott checked on six executives who worked no hours a week. "In that month, and of that six, four got divorced." Unanimously, the wives agreed that they would prefer their daughters to marry "some kid with less ambition." But the hard workers themselves are much happier than the lazy ones. "If they had to choose between their wives and their jobs, they would take their jobs any time. They love the business lunches and train compartments and long hours. They enjoy it all."

SHIPPING

Dollars for Dollar

In the crowded, oak-paneled boardroom of Washington's Riggs National Bank last week, the long ownership battle over the American President Lines, Ltd. finally came to an end. On a bid of \$18.4 million, the line, with its 17 passenger and freight ships, went to A.P.L. Associates, Inc., a company formed by California Oilman Ralph K. (for Kenneth) Davies.

For seven years, Stanley Dollar had



It Says **"STOP!"** ...and Even Lightning Obeys!

With 6,284 independent telephone companies serving 67% of the geographic area of the U. S. and Canada, we are the "talkingest" peoples in all the world! And, behind the scene—in the offices of these telephone companies—on guard stands a complex mechanism developed in 1899 by the Cook Electric Company. It is called a Central Office Protector—protecting continuity of service, office personnel and equipment. It is now five-generations improved!

Let something "go wrong" on the outside lines. Cook Electric Company's Central Office Protector opens the circuit that may be affected. Grounds the faulty electrical charge. Activates an alarm that brings service personnel on the double! Restores itself for service

after the trouble has been corrected.

There are 1,200 Central Office Protectors in the Main Frame of the average central office. Yet—this invaluable device is but one product of the Wirecom division of Cook Electric Company, the largest manufacturer of protection and distribution apparatus for the independent telephone industry. Among other items produced for industry and government are more than 400 aircraft components—military, commercial and private.

High specification orders—for many or one of a kind—have gained a unique position for Cook Electric Company. If precision suppliers are part of your business picture, write for information about our diversified facilities.

Customers like these have contributed to the remarkable growth of Cook Electric Company
Northrop Aircraft, Inc. • International Standard Electric Corporation
Belmont Radio Corporation • Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited

Cook Electric Company

Established 1897

General Offices & Main Plant • 2700 Southport Avenue • Chicago 14, Illinois

Diplomat—Aircraft Components and Accessories • **Wirecom**—Wire Communications, Protection & Distribution Apparatus • **Magnalastic**—Expansion Joints and Heavy Industry Equipment • **Airchassis**—Aircraft Structures • **Cook Research Laboratories**—8100 Monticello Avenue, Skokie, Illinois • **Metall Fusion**—Heat Treating, Brazing and Annealing • **Inland Testing Laboratories**—2745 Janssen Avenue, Chicago 14, Illinois • **Subsidiary**—**Canadian Diplomat Limited**—Aircraft Components and Accessories, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

fought to regain the line founded by his father and turned over to the Government before the war in exchange for a \$7,500,000 loan. Last week, as one final gesture to make sure the Government couldn't keep his old property, Dollar put in a minimum bid of \$14 million. "We are gone," he murmured sadly as he heard A.P.L. Associates' high bid. But Dollar was by no means dollar-less. Under the terms of the sale, arranged last spring with Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer (TIME, June 23), Dollar will get half the proceeds, or more than \$9,000,000.

First Thoughts. Oilman Davies first became interested in American President in 1945, when he was leaving his wartime job as deputy petroleum administrator in Washington. Davies' old post as \$57,500-a-year senior vice president of Standard Oil of California was no longer available. Looking around for other possibilities, he spotted American President, which the Government wanted to sell. When a bid for \$8,500,000 was rejected as too low, Davies began buying up stock, accumulated 25% of the line's publicly held shares, and was made a director.

As Stanley Dollar fought through the courts to get back his family company, Davies bided his time. With ten oil companies, he formed American Independent Oil Co. (TIME, July 19, 1948). With State Department aid, he won an oil concession in the neutral zone of Kuwait and poured \$10 million into mapping and surveying the area (he hopes to sink new test wells next month). He set up a Mexican subsidiary with Oilman Samuel B. Mosher, president of Signal Oil & Gas Co., and spent another \$3,000,000 getting it into production (present output: 5,000 barrels a day). Then he got Mosher on American President Lines' board, and formed A.P.L. Associates to buy the line. Mosher's company put up half the purchase price; Davies and other friends put up most of the rest.

Good Mixture. As American President's new skipper, Davies plans no radical change of course. He will keep the line's President George Killion, under whom the company turned a profit of \$3,200,000 last year. But Davies thinks American President has a still brighter future, hopes to mix his oil and water businesses together. His oil company has six tankers, now chartered out to other companies, which American President may well take over. If & when his Middle East oil concession starts producing, it will have a potential customer in American President, which uses 15,000 barrels of oil a day to fuel its ships.

ADVERTISING

Oh, Send My Boy to Groton . . .

Said the headline on a two-page ad in *The New Yorker* last week: I AM SENDING MY SON TO GROTON WITH THE MONEY I HAVE SAVED DRIVING AUSTINS. The ad quoted a "private letter from [an] anonymous diplomat . . . who used to ornament the Diplomatic Corps," and pictured a man in riding boots, presumably

From soup
to nuts...



Your dinner depends on **COAL!**

And that's a fact! Have an electric stove? Well, 70% of the fuel used by America's utilities to generate electricity is coal. And, if you cook with manufactured gas, you're using an actual coal product. In either case, *every* pound of steel in your stove takes a pound of coal to make. And your refrigerator, toaster, washing machine . . . *most* modern appliances . . . also are made of steel and thus depend on coal. Moreover, *bituminous* coal powers the processing of thousands of food items just as it powers the manufacture of thousands of other fine products that Americans use every day.

So it's good to know that America's coal reserves are large enough to power this country's progress for centuries—that America's privately managed coal companies are, by far, the most efficient in the world.

Are you responsible for choosing the fuel to power a factory—to heat a home, apartment house or other building? Then you should consider these important

ADVANTAGES OF BITUMINOUS COAL!

- ☆ Lowest-priced fuel almost everywhere!
- ☆ Labor costs are cut with modern boilers and automatic handling equipment!
- ☆ Easiest and safest to store of *all fuels!*
- ☆ Vast reserves make coal's supply dependable!
- ☆ Dependable supply assures price stability!
- ☆ A progressive industry strives to deliver an ever better product at the lowest possible price!

BITUMINOUS COAL INSTITUTE

A Department of National Coal Association, Washington, D. C.

FOR ECONOMY AND DEPENDABILITY

YOU CAN COUNT ON COAL!



DANGER SIGNS

Some warnings you can't miss—they're obvious to everyone.

But when it comes to investing —to an individual stock or a complete portfolio—it may take an expert to spot early warnings.

Maybe there has been a recent change in management, a slight drop in earnings, some alert new competitor . . .

Maybe a program you planned for safety now looks a bit speculative, a few favorite stocks carry far too much weight, the diversification and balance are somewhat distorted.

Danger signals like those the average investor might miss. But, the man trained to look for them should catch them at a glance.

Here at Merrill Lynch, for instance, our Research Department points to thousands of such signs for investors each year . . . is happy to do so for anyone who asks.

And whether you do business with us—or don't . . .

Whether you'd like to ask us about one stock, ten, or your complete portfolio—there's no charge for this service, no obligation.

We'll be happy to send the most revealing review we can of your particular situation. Simply address your letter to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL,
Investment Inquiries

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 103 Cities

the anonymous diplomat, with 1) a woman, 2) a boy (presumably the lucky Grotte) and 3) a pair of Austin cars.

This neat wedding of snob appeal on to a cheap car was achieved by Manhattan Adman David Ogilvy, who had also dreamed up the eye patch for the much-copied "man in the Hathaway shirt" (TIME, June 23). No shy huckster, British-born Ogilvy appeared several months ago as the male model in his ads for Helena Rubinstein cosmetics (*see cut*). But at least one reader did not approve of his latest effort. When he saw the Austin ad, the Rev. John Crocker, headmaster of Groton (tuition and residence: \$1,750), said: "It's all news to me . . . I certainly don't approve . . . It seems to me to be unfair publicity." The New York *Herald Tribune* carried Ogilvy's idea to its logical conclusion: "Can't you just picture the diplomat going through life turning in his car for a motor-scoot and sending Junior to Harvard? Then a switch to a bike and away goes daughter to finishing school."

The Jones Boys

For years along Manhattan's Ad Alley, hard-driving Duane Jones has been called the "box-top king." Working on such accounts as Bab-O, Sweetheart Toilet Soap and Tetley Tea, he plugged the products by distributing millions of box-top premiums. After he started his own agency ten years ago, Duane Jones Co., Inc.'s billings rose spectacularly, from \$1,200,000 to \$9,000,000.

Last year Adman Jones got a rude shock. Nine of his key aides, who owned less than 1% of the company, decided the agency would do better without him. President Robert Hayes told him, said Jones, that if he did not sell out within 48 hours, the nine rebels would quit and take their accounts with them.

Jones refused. The rebels formed the new agency of Scheideler, Beck & Werner, Inc., and grabbed off some of Jones's juiciest accounts (notably the \$3,000,000-a-year Sweetheart Soap account). Charging a "conspiracy" to put him out of business, Jones filed a \$3,000,000 damage suit last fall. It was the first time anyone had legally questioned a traditional Ad Alley practice: new agencies are constantly being formed by account executives who walk out of their old agencies with their pet accounts in their pockets. During the 20-day trial, Jones himself cheerfully testified that when he left Maxon, Inc. in 1942 to form his own agency, he took the Bab-O and Tetley accounts along with him.

Just as candidly, the defendants told the court why they had been so anxious to get rid of the boss: Jones, a great whisky salesman (he built Old Schenley's sales in Boston by passing out Blarney-stone rings to barkeeps as a sales incentive), had begun drinking so heavily that clients were complaining, and the agency had lost three big accounts. Moreover, the defendants charged that Jones paid \$400 a month to two of his sisters for "premium ideas" which were seldom used by the agency, and \$8,000 a year to a

How long can a woman look young?



ADMAN OGILVY & FRIEND
After an Austin, a motor-scoot.

brother, Alfred Jones, who ran a Connecticut chicken farm. In his own testimony, Jones admitted that he was a heavy drinker, but insisted that the chicken farm came in handy for entertaining clients.

Last week in Manhattan, a jury awarded Adman Jones \$300,000 damages. Jones hailed the verdict as a precedent that would "make officers of any advertising agency think twice before stealing the top accounts."

RETAIL TRADE

The Christmas Stocking

"You can't start Basic Space Training too early!" said a Macy's ad in Manhattan last week. For \$5.98 Macy's offered a space academy, complete with men from Mars and Jupiter, atomic launchers, flying saucers and disintegrators. From the look of things, Macy's was right. Just 45 shopping days before Christmas, toy counters all over the nation were piled high with mountains of space suits, rocket ships and other gravity-defying devices. Space was the big seller.

There is a "flying-saucer gun" which



ADMAN JONES
After a candid confession, \$300,000.



"What would you have done?" asks Mr. George Fehlman

Executive Vice-President, Belpap & Thompson, Inc., Chicago—merchandise prize incentive programs

"Recently, we had to deliver prize material to client sales meetings, scheduled all over the country for the same day.

"We were forbidden to ship early—and we *must* not be late! What would you have done?"

"We called Air Express.

"Within 24 hours, almost 1,000 shipments were dispatched. All arrived on schedule. Not a single call or wire inquiring about a shipment was received!

"We've become accustomed to that kind of service from Air Express. What's more—on practically every shipment we make, the Air Express rate is *lowest* in the field. These rate differences often save several hundred dollars in one day's shipping!

"Our business has grown from \$4½ million yearly sales 5 years ago, to more than \$9 million this year. We give credit for an important 'assist' to Air Express!"



AIR EXPRESS
GETS THERE FIRST

*Division of Railway Express Agency
1952—our 25th year of service*

*This announcement is not an offer of securities for sale or a solicitation
of an offer to buy securities.*

Not a New Issue

October 29, 1952

356,717 Shares

Anheuser-Busch, Incorporated

Common Stock
(Par Value \$4 per Share)

Price \$22 per Share

*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State from only
such of the underwriters, including the undersigned, as may
legally offer these securities in such State.*

Stifel, Nicolaus & Company Reinholdt & Gardner
Incorporated

Newhard, Cook & Co.



HE'S HAVING FUN! HIS SPLINE GAGING TROUBLES ARE ENDED.

The failure of splined parts to assemble properly or to interchange, and the resulting high rate of scrap had been a constant worry for many months. So he called on Vinco. A careful check was made of how splined parts were designed, manufactured and gaged, then design improvements and a practical and efficient gaging program were recommended. This program was accepted. Now his splined parts are interchangeable, meet all specifications and scrap is at a minimum. We can do the same for you.

VINCO CORPORATION, 9111 Schaefer Hwy., Detroit 28, Mich.



The finest involute,
serration and straight
sided spline plug and
ring gages.

TRADEMARK OF DEPENDABILITY

OPTICAL DIVIDING
HEAD

AIRCRAFT and
COMMERCIAL GEARS

MASTER GEARS

PRECISION INDEX

INVOLUTE CHECKER

ENGINEERING SERVICE
FOR ABOVE
PRODUCTS



shoots whirling plastic disks high in the air (\$1); a noiseless "space ray gun" of plastic molded around a flashlight (\$1.50). For the moppet who wants to carry his researches further into the mysteries of the universe, there is a chemistry set with an "atomic energy spinthariscopes in which disintegration of atomic particles can be viewed racing at speeds of more than 10,000 miles per second" (\$21.50).

Thanks largely to a bigger moppet population, toymakers estimated last week that sales will hit a record \$800 million this year, up 7% from 1951.

Something Old, Something New. The toymakers have turned out the greatest variety of playthings in history, added many a new refinement to oldtime favorites. There are Humpty Dumpties for a dime, giant elephants for more than \$100, Teddy bears, now celebrating their 50th anniversary, that are chemically treated to keep them free of dust. Dolls do just about everything (eat, burp, nibble fingers, frown, pucker lips, blow soap bubbles, wet, wail, walk, and recite verse).

New this year are plastic cap rifles (\$2.98 to \$4). Yo-yos come shaped like basketballs, footballs and baseballs. For electric train buffs, there is a new signal tower; when the train goes by, one man pops out, another climbs down the ladder waving his flag at motorists.

For little girls, Pressman Toy Corp. has a vanity table with ruffled plastic skirt, which comes complete with bench, mirror, comb and brush, and perfume atomizer (\$5). Chicago's Clinton Specialty Works has a toy electric vacuum cleaner that gathers dust (\$12.95). One doll has hair that "grows" by means of a winding device hidden in the head; another, "Joan Pa-looka" from the comic strip, is permanently scented, comes with baby powder and soap (\$7). A new method of rooting hair in the scalp makes many dolls safe against countless hair-brushings and curlings—until brother comes along with his toy barber set (\$9.95).

Fire Fighters. Among the educational toys are light-up maps and the "Magic Speller" (\$3) whose picture cards, when inserted in a slot, rack up simple words like "bird" and "bear" for a child to copy on a miniature blackboard. The Tom Thumb typewriter is a real working model (\$19.95). Prospective architects can try their hand with "Blockbusters," big, corrugated-paper blocks capable of holding more than 200 lbs. (twelve blocks for \$5.95). Radio hams can assemble their own crystal sets (\$2.50). One of the best bargains for budding mechanics: the plastic "Fix-It" automobile. Its battery, radiator and gas tank can all be filled; wheels can be removed with the help of a miniature plastic jack and other tools. Price: \$2.98.

Big strides have been made toward realism. From France there is a lifelike bulldog which shakes its head, opens its mouth and growls at the tug of a leash (\$16.95). Ohio's Doepke Manufacturers has a 19-in. fire engine made to scale from the famed La-France, with an extendible ladder and a hose that shoots a 20-ft. stream



—the real barrier to sustained supersonic flight!

Only by overcoming terrific heat at higher altitudes
and speeds can man extend his conquest of space



ICY "BLOWTORCH" to cool jet and rocket aircraft. It's the tiny midget turbine—heart of the AiResearch refrigeration system. It drops air temperature more than 600°F and points the way for sustained flight at high altitudes and speeds.

Men have flown more than 1,000 miles per hour and 15 miles above the earth—but only for a minute or two.

Sustained flight at such altitudes and speeds depends primarily on a system of refrigeration to compensate for the high temperature created by air friction.

Airplanes are now being designed to fly 2500 mph at altitudes up to 100,000 ft. Without adequate refrigeration, they are "temperature limited." Skin temperature at this speed and altitude would be about 1100°F. Not only would the pilot roast but vital accessories would burn out.

AiResearch tackled the refrigeration problem back in 1942. And when the Lockheed F-80 Shooting Star—America's first operational jet—flew in 1946, AiResearch air turbines made possible livable temperatures in the cockpit.

Again AiResearch was first with revolutionary accessory equipment. Today it supplies most military turbine-propelled airplanes and commercial airliners with turbine refrigeration systems. It has also designed and is producing over 750 other components for nearly every type of U.S. aircraft.

Would you like to work with us? Qualified engineers, scientists and skilled craftsmen are needed here.

AiResearch Manufacturing Company

A DIVISION OF THE GARRETT CORPORATION

LOS ANGELES 45, CALIFORNIA • PHOENIX, ARIZONA

DESIGNER AND MANUFACTURER OF AIRCRAFT EQUIPMENT IN THESE MAJOR CATEGORIES



Air Turbine Refrigeration

Heat Transfer Equipment

Electric Actuators

Gas Turbines

Cabin Superchargers

Pneumatic Power Units

Electronic Controls

Cabin Pressure Controls

Temperature Controls

This Christmas, MR. EXECUTIVE -
GIVE THEM
FLINT Steakster Sets

the splendid gift they'll enjoy for years!



Illustrated Flint Steakster Set #7036.....\$10.95

Other Ekco Sets from \$3.50 to \$37.95



Give Flint Cutlery, America's most famous, most wanted knives. For your business gift list, choose Flint Steakster Sets—superb, hollow-ground, stainless Vanadium steel knives in polished hardwood Holdsters. In gift boxes designed by Raymond Loewy, Flint Steakster Sets are handsome gifts—lasting gifts that remind customers and their families of your thoughtfulness for many, many years. Ask your gift consultant about other Flint Knife Sets, wherever good housewares are sold.

EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO 39

Also sold in Canada by Ekco Products Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

ANOTHER GREAT PRODUCT BY **EKCO** THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEWARES

of water (\$15.95). But the ultimate in realism was achieved by Chicago's Marlin Electric Co. It has a 4-lb., battery-powered toy lie detector, about the size of a small table radio (\$24.95).

GOODS & SERVICES

Blowing Hot & Cold

Chicago's Mitchell Manufacturing Co. this week announced a window air-conditioning unit that blows hot in the winter, cold in the summer. The conditioner also regulates a room's humidity, blows air up or down and to either side, or in all four directions at once. Price: \$379.95 to \$459.95.

INSURANCE

Union Shoppers

While driving along the Fort Worth-Dallas highway 18 months ago, Houston Insurance Man BenJack Cage jammed on his brakes as he saw a crowd of workers swarm on to the highway from the



Movie Miller

BENJACK CAGE
"Got to fatten this hog!"

Chance-Vought aircraft plant. He missed them, but he collided with a big idea. "Wouldn't it be terrific?" he asked his companion, "if we had something that made all those people want to get their insurance from us? Before long, he thought he knew how: set up an insurance company owned by union workers. He persuaded the Texas State Federation of Labor (A.F.L.) to authorize locals to buy two-thirds of the stock in his own Insurance Co. of Texas.

Selling the plan to the union's rank & file was something else again. Several times Cage was bodily thrown out of locals' meetings. But he gradually won unionists over with his persuasive talk and flamboyant selling techniques, and some outside help. One union boss, who violently opposed the scheme, died a short

IT'S
NEW YORK
 WITH A
FRENCH
 ACCENT!

THE NEW BREATH-TAKING
Café de la Paix

ST. MORITZ
 ON-THE-PARK
 50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
 Charles G. Taylor, President

NEW GRAVELY
Snow-blower
BLOW YOUR
SNOW TROUBLES
AWAY!

5 HP

Snow Blower attachment for powerful 5-Horsepower Gravelly

Tractor moves deep, dangerous snow swiftly and easily. 19 other attachments for every lawn, garden, field job. All-gear drive, reverse. Postcard brings complete story of "Power vs. Drudgery."

FREE: Write Today!

GRAVELLY MOTOR PLOW & CULTIVATOR CO.
 BOX 1170 DUNBAR, WEST VA.



TIME FLIES to your friends across the oceans—with the world's news and America's view of the news.

For information, write **TIME International**, Room 23-61,

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



Skilled workmen spray finely ground porcelain minerals on bathtubs formed of Armco Enameling Iron. This porcelain "frit" will then be heated and fused onto the metal at 1550° temperature to provide a hard, durable, easy-to-clean surface.

How many battles can your bathtub take?

Here's how a special Armco Steel makes it a lifetime buy

No matter how rough the treatment your bathtub gets, or how many years it must serve, you want it to stay smooth and easy to clean. That's why the metal under the porcelain enamel surface is important to you.

Armco Enameling Iron is a metal created especially to take and hold a beautiful porcelain enamel finish. Many manufacturers use it in bathtubs, lavatories, kitchen ranges and other products to give you the very best finish in porcelain enameled plumbing ware and home appliances.

This modern metal benefits you in many ways. It grips the porcelain

enamel in a lifetime bond. Porcelain enamel in white or colors keeps its luster, withstands high temperatures, doesn't get porous, and resists stains. The finish stays smooth, flawless and easy to clean.

Besides Enameling Iron, Armco makes many special steels for different purposes. Manufacturers use these steels to give products longer life, better appearance and improved performance. When you see the Armco label on any product, it is your assurance that the manufacturer has used care in selecting the right steel for the job.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, WITH PLANTS AND SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST
THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, WORLD-WIDE



AIR-MAZING FACTS

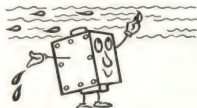
BY O.S. GLOW



WHY SMOKERS GET STEAMED UP. If you like to smoke a pipe, you might enjoy a few puffs on your kitchen tea kettle, too. It's been found that about 70% of the so-called "smoke" from a pipe is actually steam.



ELIMINATES DUST ELECTRONICALLY! Electromaze electronic air filters "electrocute" dust, pollen—and even smoke particles. New "file drawer" design makes Electromaze lighter, stronger, easier to service. Users report prefabricated holding frames cut installation costs in half!



SORTS OIL FROM AIR! To keep troublesome oil out of crankcase ventilation systems, most internal combustion engine manufacturers use Air-Maze oil separators. Oil droplets are removed from the air stream, collected, and returned to crankcase. Available to engine builders in open-to-atmosphere types and in-line or closed circuit types.

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids, the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

AIR-MAZE

The Filter Engineers

AIR FILTERS
SILencers
SPARK ARRESTERS

LIQUID FILTERS
OIL SEPARATORS
GREASE FILTERS

time later, leaving his widow and children nothing but the \$2,000 policy he had automatically received when his local signed up with Cage. Recalls Cage: "It made a big impression on his friends." After Cage had sold the unionists their two-thirds share of the stock, Texas businessmen bought the rest. Business boomed as unionists took out policies in their company. By last June, premium income had passed \$6,000,000, and Cage expects it to reach \$12 million by January. Then Cage sold the unionists another one of his companies, Continental Fire & Casualty Insurance Corp., which operates in 15 states from Oregon to Florida, and also added health and accident insurance. Last month his companies spread out into home mortgages and loans.

Upward & Onward. At a special meeting last week, Cage planning for still more expansion. Said he to his stockholders: "Folks, when you buy a hog, you don't starve him. You fatten him up. It's the same with this company. We've got to fatten this hog. We've got to fatten this company." The union capitalists promptly approved his plan to buy or set up union-owned insurance companies in most of the 48 states and to build a \$1,000,000, five-story office building in downtown Dallas. Cage knows there is a demand for the companies. He has already set up two insurance companies for another A.F.L. union in Alabama, and he is negotiating with others in Rhode Island and Oregon. In all the companies, Cage does not forget Cage. He gets a 15% cut of the premiums for managing them.

When he first broached his idea, Texas businessmen scoffed at it as a socialistic scheme or a fly-by-night proposition in which unions would lose money. Cage insisted that it was just the reverse: it would give workers a firsthand education in the problems—and a share in the profits—of free enterprise. Now many top Dallas bankers are Cage's and L.C.T.'s biggest boosters.

Flash & Hustle. BenJACK Cage, 35, amassed Texas-size wealth in a career as flashy as the loud sport coats and massive gold ring he wears. Born in Austin, he sold insurance while attending Rice Institute. After the war, in which Cage served in the Air Force, he went back into the insurance business. He also spread out into other lines, a salvage company, a 1,200-acre ranch, bought into a small oil refinery, and other ventures.

Cage runs the union-owned companies with all the showmanship and fervor of a Billy Sunday. Though he has not been inside a church in years, he calls on the Lord frequently, has had 200,000 aluminum coins made up with the Lord's Prayer on one side and a Bible text on the other, passes them out to any & all of his acquaintances. Soon he plans to buy a twin-engine plane and spend two years stumping every union hall in the U.S., plugging union-owned insurance companies under BenJACK Cage management. Says he: "I want to raise an army, not just customers. I want to make believers out of everybody."

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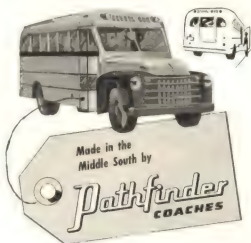
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CINEMA

Box Office

Election excitement in October made a noticeable dent on the movie box office, according to a *Variety* poll of 25 key cities, but the popular pictures nonetheless showed "amazing strength." The armor-plate horse opera *Ivanhoe* (M-G-M) held a steady lead, but *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (20th Century-Fox) was pushing hard from second place. Other winners:

- 3) *The Quiet Man* (Republic).
- 4) *Because You're Mine* (M-G-M).
- 5) *The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima* (Warner).
- 6) *The Crimson Pirate* (Warner).

The New Pictures

The Hour of 13 (M-G-M) casts Peter Lawford as a Raffle-ish amateur crackman who steals both outside emeralds and ladies' hearts. Lawford has to interrupt these interesting pursuits temporarily when the police suspect him of being the Terror, a nasty fellow who slinks about skewering London bobbies on a three-foot sword. Disguising himself as a bobby, Lawford gives Scotland Yard an invaluable assist in tracking down the Terror, thereby further endearing himself to the police commissioner's beautiful daughter (Dawn Addams), whom he has already captivated with such gems of repartee as: "I think if a jewel thief looked at you, he'd never know what jewelry you were wearing."

Lawford has the proper light touch as the light-fingered leading man, and there is some spooky London fog to go with the murky dramatic doings. In spite of a moralistic ending that seems to have been tacked on, this made-in-Britain movie is a modestly diverting thriller that is as pleasantly well-mannered as its hero.

Kansas City Confidential (Edward Small; United Artists) combines a "perfect crime" plot with some fair-to-middling moviemaking. An ex-cop (Preston Foster), having engineered what appears to be a foolproof million-dollar bank robbery in Kansas City, takes off for Guatemala with the loot. In the sleepy Central American town, things seem to be even busier than in Kansas City. Foster must cope not only with his accomplices, but also with an ex-con (John Payne) who has been roughed up by the police as a suspect, and who has taken it upon himself to run down the real robbers. Foster's pretty daughter (Coleen Gray) also shows up, and promptly falls in love with Payne.

After a few brawls and beatings, both justice and love emerge triumphant. Obviously, the "confidential" of the title does not refer to the picture's plot, which is a very model of transparency.

Breaking Through the Sound Barrier (London Films; United Artists), a soaring, British-made movie about supersonic aviation, gets off to a flying start. In a prologue before the credit titles come



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on the screen, a World War II Spitfire, cavorting above the English Channel, is almost torn to bits as it plunges into a wracking flat-ot power dive and hits the turbulent shock waves of the sound barrier. The picture then goes on to the main body of its subject: the postwar conquest of faster-than-sound flight, which turned out to be the most significant event in the history of aviation since the Wright brothers took to the air in 1903.

Originally called *The Sound Barrier* in England, *Breaking Through* is described by Director David (Brief Encounter, Great Expectations) Lean as "a modern adventure story." It is also a stunning film flight into the unknown, an imaginatively told movie about the human imagination exploring the whole new realm of the air. Terence (*The Winslow Boy*) Rattigan's screenplay examines both flight and flyers: the stresses & strains, mechanical as well



RALPH RICHARDSON
A flight into the unknown.

as human, of its theme. A pioneer aviation magnate (played with consummate craft by Ralph Richardson) is dedicated to penetrating the sound barrier. Before his "evil vision" is vindicated, his son (Denholm Elliott) and his son-in-law (Nigel Patrick) die at the controls of their planes, and the ruthless magnate himself is revealed to be a very lonely and human individual.

Some of the earthbound scenes of *Breaking Through* seem to be slick, low-altitude drama. But the picture's breathtaking aerial shots capture much of the excitement and exaltation of flight in dazzling imagery: long shots of sleek, gleaming jets climbing and diving in magnificent, vapor-trailed trajectory or hanging suspended in space among the high, pale palaces of slow cloud; head-on close-ups of test pilots in G-suits and goggles, framed in a halo of Plexiglas and sky.

There are many unusual sequences: a love scene between Test Pilot Patrick and his wife (Ann Todd), wearing oxygen



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Oct. 1—Not unlike an Islamic Chieftain with his uxorial multiplicity, do I find myself with my five workshops. The satisfaction oft is over-balanced by undue demands for attention.

Oct. 4—To our home come many friends. After supper, we eschew the customary bridge and canasta and indulge ourselves in TV-style quiz programs. It is obvious that the greater adherents of the gaming tables are least informed about world affairs.

Oct. 8—Today come two anonymous letters, a form of epistle I greet with disdain. Both compliments and barbs do I welcome, but that which is worth the writing is worth the signing.

Oct. 12—My good wife complains that our scullery lacks a kitchen stool, an especially poignant criticism because some thirty-odd years ago this simple, commonly accepted device was first conceived and fabricated commercially by me.

Oct. 21—Indebted am I to one Mr. Bogart of the Brooklyn Naval Air Station, who does trouble himself to both compliment my poor diary and suggest some desirable new features for certain chairs which I supply to this and other AAF installations.

Oct. 23—Up and to the races as guest of Elliott Cushman, for a most enjoyable afternoon if I reckon not the thinning of my purse.

Oct. 28—Comes to my desk a brochure known as a Starch Report, which tells the extent of readership my diary enjoys. If its findings be true, perhaps 'twould be well to consider replacing this diary with advertising that depicts my fine metal furniture, which veritably, is more interesting than my humble words.

Oct. 30—To my club for my weekly tennorial ablutions. Mary Lou, my manicurist of many years, as always exudes her radiant optimism concerning the life in which we live. Thus she brightens my day and merits my great thanks.

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masks, played eight miles up in the air as they jet-hop from London to Cairo for a leisurely lunch; Test Pilot John Justin laughing with joy as he crashes the sound barrier in a shattering, exquisite moment, and then suddenly breaking into tears from the ordeal of the flight when he lands on the ground; the camera tilting crazily, as if it were careering through the sky, while focused on Tycoon Richardson shakily listening in his office to a radio report of a crucial test. Through the picture, like a macabre musical motif, runs a sonic soundtrack: great swooping whooshes, the piercing wail of the Vickers Supermarine 535 Swift as it dives from 40,000-ft. heights toward the buffeting, invisible barrier of sound.

Assignment—Paris (Columbia) is set in that never-never newspaper office usually imagined by the movies. The highly colorful personalities include a suave editor (George Sanders) who is infatuated with demon Girl Reporter Marta Toren. She, in turn, is in love with intrepid Newsman Dana Andrews, who is described as "a one-man newspaper." For good measure, there is also a stylish fashion editor (Audrey Totter) who is an old flame of Sanders', now making eyes at Andrews.

These staffers (assigned to what purports to be the Paris office of the New York *Herald Tribune's* European edition) alternate between playing footie with one another and playing hide & seek with a sassy group of Iron Curtain spies. Reporter Andrews, assigned to the Budapest beat, is jailed, drugged and tortured by Hungarian heavies. An elusive bit of microfilm evidence turns up just in time for a happy ending.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Promoter. A sprightly British-made spoof, with Alec Guinness playing a droll fellow who gets ahead in the world through sheer brass (TIME, Oct. 27).

Flowers of St. Francis. Several episodes from the life of Francis of Assisi woven into a rich cinematic garland by Roberto Rossellini (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine (TIME, Aug. 1).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a world of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperadoes single-handed (TIME, July 14).

Where's Charley? Ray Bolger singing & dancing in a gay, Technicolored edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).



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▲ Exterior view of Boeing's transportation building at Wichita. It is used to house rolling stock necessary for mass production of the B-47 Stratojet bomber.



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Something for the Trade

STEAMBOAT GOTHIC (562 pp.)—Frances Parkinson Keyes—Messner (\$3.75).

Frances Parkinson Keyes (rhymes with eyes) insists that she doesn't really know how to write a bestseller and doesn't much aspire to learn; she likes to think of herself as "a woman of letters." Her readers, who buy her books by the million, find her disavowals hard to believe. So do booksellers; to them, Author Keyes is simply one of the blessings of the trade.

The latest Keyes novel, *Steamboat Gothic*, will not let anyone down. The style is reliably ponderous, the dialogue stilted and sometimes all but interminable. *Steamboat* has other tried & tested ingredients. It covers a good long stretch of time (1860-1930) following the fortunes of the Batchelor family on a plantation in Louisiana. Author Keyes knows her Louisiana, proves it with a foreword on sources, a bibliography of steamboat- and all her usual period impedimenta: details of dress, descriptions of houses and plantations. And there is enough clutter about wills, heirs and taxes to bemuse an expert on the Napoleonic Code.

Clyde Batchelor had impressive good looks, plenty of money and a good heart, but what he wanted most was respectability. When he came a-wooing Lucy, a lovely Richmond widow, he did not dare tell her that he had started life in an orphanage, that he had become a riverboat gambler and made a fortune in supply deals with the Union Army during the Civil War. But Lucy knew goodness when she saw it, and went off with him to Louisiana to live at Cindy Lou, a plantation Clyde had coveted when he passed it on

the river. When he made the deal to buy it, he had also seduced the widow who owned it, but if ever a man reformed for good, it was Clyde. He was not only a model husband but a shrewd businessman. Of course, stepson Bushrod turned out to be a caddish sponger, but stepdaughter Cary was the joy of Clyde's heart. Lucy was loving, but she could not give Clyde a child of his own.

Steamboat smiles and worries through three generations of Batchelor loves & sorrows, business ups & downs. By the time grandson Larry gets Cindy Lou, both *Steamboat Gothic* architecture and *Steamboat Gothic* ideas are beginning to crumble. The mistress of Cindy Lou is now Louise, whom Larry brought back from France after World War I. They already have a son and two daughters who could quite easily touch off a sequel. The fresh scene has already been set: oil is struck on Cindy Lou, and the old gothic pile itself has been turned into the Clyde Batchelor Community Center.

On & On with Sean

ROSE AND CROWN (323 pp.)—Sean O'Casey—Macmillan (\$4.75).

In 1929, William Butler Yeats wrote to Sean O'Casey explaining why the Abbey Theater was rejecting *The Silver Tassie*, Sean's new play about World War I. "I am sad and discouraged," Yeats complained. "You have no theme. You were interested in the Irish Civil War and at every moment of those plays wrote out of your own amusement with life or your sense of its tragedy. . . but you are not interested in the Great War; you never stood on its battlefields, never walked its hospitals, and so write out of your opinions. You illustrate those opinions by a series of almost unrelated scenes, as you might in a leading article."

Yeats's rejection slip caused the loudest literary furor of the year. O'Casey took his *Tassie* to Producer C. B. Cochran, who staged it brilliantly and profited handsomely by the Yeats-O'Casey uproar. Today, this battle seems a mere skirmish in literary history—to everyone except Sean O'Casey, who describes it in the fifth volume of his autobiography as if it were the Battle of the Boyne.

Yeats's letter hit O'Casey at a moment when he was girding for greater battles. He had just left Ireland and was "planting a foot for the first time on the pavement of London. . . to be shown off, a new oddity. . . a guttersnipe among. . . the richly clad, the slum dramatist, who, in the midst of a great darkness, had seen a greater light" (i.e., Marxlight). *Rose and Crown* tells how O'Casey had to struggle in the next few years not only to support his wife and child but to keep his proletarian poise.

Virgil or Ferghil? London society was very kind to Sean. When he ailed, the aristocrats sent him limousines to haul him away to the doctor; when he was des-



Nicholas Harris

PLAYWRIGHT O'CASEY
Lionflesh by Marxlight.

titute, they gave him money and a home. They asked him to their receptions and gave him a chance to glower—which he did with a will. One evening he buttonholed Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and refused to let the stolid statesman go until he had listened to O'Casey's thesis that Virgil, commonly known as a Roman poet, was actually a Celt named Ferghil. "The Celtic race must indeed have been an amazing one," replied poor Baldwin.

Why did such people put up with O'Casey's blend of mystical dither and proletarian blather? Partly because (as O'Casey is happy to emphasize) they had a lot of money but were pinched for poetry. Moreover, every fashionable hostess likes to show off a lion, even if she is not a competent judge of lionflesh. But London's aristocrats also put up with O'Casey out of kindness, and this put him in a moral jam. He did not decline their invitations, but he did not want to suffer a decline in his proletarian reputation.


In *Rose and Crown*, O'Casey tries to straighten out this snarl, and his means are neither new nor pleasing. He describes the great houses in detail—the Sheraton, the Chippendale, the mother-of-pearl, the ebony, the sparkle of diamonds on "a white and saucy breast." It was a spectacle, he says, "that fair dazzled the eye," and he admits that he found it "elegant," "gracious," even "delightful at times." But he then goes on to say how much it disgusted him. Moreover, his hostesses were all deaf and seemed not to hear when he cried: "Come, sell all thou hast, and come follow me. . . follow the people!"

World by the Waist? The same sort of double life persisted when O'Casey went abroad. He traveled to the U.S. in all the luxury of cabin class, but he atoned for this by asking "if he could have his meals with the crew." In New York (for the production of *Within the Gates*), he landed in a world of "walnut and mahog-



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any reflecting the gleam of glass and the glitter of silver," a world more "fit for Arnold Bennett . . . than . . . Walt Whitman." At which point the reader suspects that it fit O'Casey like a glove.

"His talents are undeniable," writes Sean O'Faolain, "but so far they have not produced a play without the stamp of the workshop on it." The same can be said of O'Casey's autobiography. Most of its long and lyrical passages of proletarian praise are marked chiefly by what Stephen Potter might call proseman'ship. Here & there are real gems of observation and poetic imagination. But when O'Casey declares that he would like 1,000 years of life "to encircle [the peoples of the world] with his arms like a girdle encircling the waist of a motherly woman," the reader can only feel that even if Providence permitted the embrace, the world would be wise to wriggle out of it.

Sirens & Symbols

USHANT (365 pp.)—Conrad Aiken—Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown (\$4.50).

Approaching Brest at night, the Atlantic traveler gets his first winking, warning sign of his destination from the lighthouse of Ile d'Ouessant, better known as Ushant. Poet Conrad Aiken has never seen Ushant, but he has thought & thought about it. To him it stands for Europe, the wide world, a life of physical and spiritual voyaging.

This much is fairly easy to grasp in Aiken's "autobiographical narrative" *Ushant*; thereafter, the going gets harder. For much of *Ushant* is cryptic self-psychanalysis, and is to be fully understood, perhaps, only by Aiken himself. Yet *Ushant* is no more difficult than the earlier chapters of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and one of the fall's favorite games in U.S. high-brow circles will be trying to untangle it.

Love Affair with Britain. In skeleton form, *Ushant* is the story of a New Englander's love affair with Britain. As a boy, Aiken lay on the floor and was entranced by English poetry. He grew into a young man who fell "incurably, hopelessly and fatuously in love" with what he calls "Ariel's Island." But as he remained no less American at heart, his life became a tense, two-way stretch "of instability, restlessness and dissatisfaction." Aiken was "one minute the American correspondent for an English journal, the next the English correspondent for an American journal."

Along the way, three wives, identified only as Lorelei I, Lorelei II and Lorelei III, and numerous off-course mermaids got caught up in Aiken's voyage. He was never able to stay settled down for long in one country or the other; his way of life, as a young woman once told him, hardly provided the sort of homestead a woman dreams of—"roses peeping in, you know, and babies peeping out."

What was at the bottom of his Anglo-American tussle? Aiken is clearest and most direct when he tries to explain. He was drawn to England by the particular genius it represented, of which "the facets and fragments . . . sparkled everywhere,



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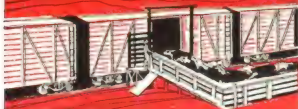
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on every level." Its common base was "love of life . . . vivid intelligence and gusto"; its expressions ranged from sublime poetry to low ribaldry. Aiken heard it in the dialogue between two dear old English ladies watching lambs at play—

"Oh, aren't they little darlings!"
"Yes, and wouldn't they be good with mint sauce!"

He found it in the pretty girl who ruefully described herself as a "*pièce de non-résistance*."

Forever on the Floor. The genius of America seemed of quite another order. It was that of "pioneers, solitaires, outlaws," who "preferred to seek, and find, alone." No matter how much he reveled in



Tommy Weber

CONRAD AIKEN A tangle for highbrows.

English ways. Aiken was always drawn home by the American idioms, the revivifying air, the "half-wild individualism," the "purity and singleness of purpose," the "entire naturalness."

At 63, it has dawned on Aiken that it was precisely his split feelings that made him a poet. Moreover, he says, "All this astonishingly intricate come-and-go, this maze-like pattern . . . was really the . . . equivalent of one very simple thing: it had been the stratagem by which he could remain forever on that floor . . . reading, for the first time, a passage of verse."

Lively Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN [548 pp.]—Benjamin P. Thomas—Knopf (\$5.75).

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL, VOL. III [585 pp.]—Kenneth P. Williams—Macmillan (\$7.50).

Nearly 90 years after his death—and with some 5,000 books already published about him—Abraham Lincoln is still one of the liveliest subjects in U.S. letters. So far this year, twelve new books about him have appeared, and several more are already in sight for 1953. Side by side with

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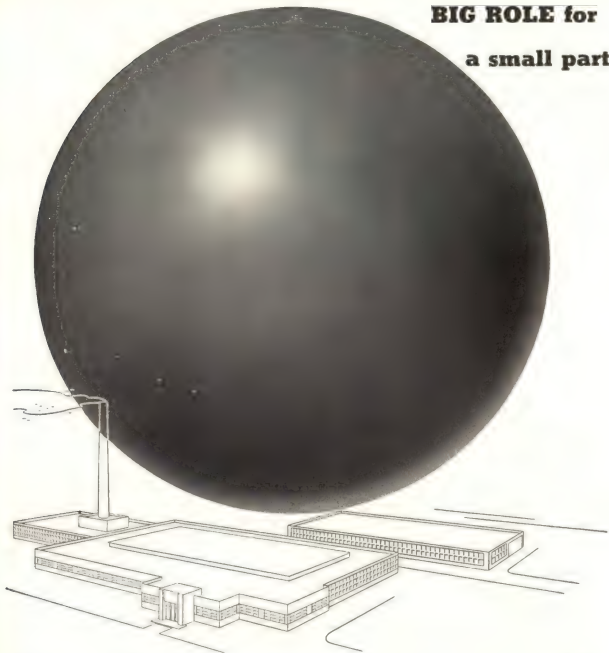
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TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1952

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the inevitable dust-catchers are a few standouts that ought to have just as much appeal for the general reader as for Lincoln students.

Kinks in the Legend. To Benjamin P. Thomas, a college-professor-turned-Illinois-cattlemen, and a lifetime Lincoln scholar, goes the distinction of writing the best one-volume life of Lincoln since Lord Charnwood's version of 1916. Thomas' *Abraham Lincoln* aims for no surprises yet achieves a pleasant one: a Lincoln who has stature without being a statue. Simple and straightforward in his storytelling, Biographer Thomas tries to straighten out some factual kinks in the Lincoln legend.

Mary Todd Lincoln, he suggests, was no neurotic Xanthippe forever needling her husband. The Lincolns had their discords, but they also had a working marriage, grounded on mutual respect and affection. As for Lincoln's carrying a life-long torch for Ann Rutledge, Author Thomas is the firmest if not the first biographer to toss that romantic notion in the historical wastebasket. Furthermore, though Lincoln once wrote: "I must, in candor, say I do not think I am fit for the presidency," he was never, according to Author Thomas, a really reluctant candidate for any of the offices for which he ran. He relished the rough & tumble of practical politics and early learned the lesson which political purists never learn: "The true rule, in determining to embrace, or reject anything, is not whether it have any evil in it; but whether it have more of evil, than of good."

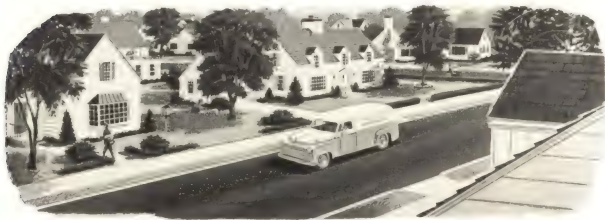
Deuces & a Genius. *Lincoln Finds a General* is the third volume in Kenneth P. Williams' excellent study of Northern generalship in the Civil War. Through it runs more of the problem that was to plague Lincoln until U.S. Grant was made general in chief: command indecision. Williams' first two volumes concentrated on the war in the east. Volume III back-treads, picks up Grant working in his father's hardware store in Galena, Ill., and plants him, after a year's seasoning in skirmishes and battles, on the bloody field of Shiloh, where his aggressive persistence broke the enemy's lines. But in April 1862, Lincoln did not know that he had a fighting genius in the field; he was still shuffling the deuces in his deck of generals—in this volume, a Halleck for a McClellan.

Essentially an account of the sluggish river war in the West along the Cumberland, the Mississippi and the Tennessee, the third volume of *Lincoln Finds a General* lacks the dash and drama of the first two. But it proves again that Kenneth Williams, mathematics professor at the University of Indiana, can add up the score on a battle so that it makes more crisp and vivid sense to a modern reader than it ever did to the soldiers who fought it.

Other Lincolniana:

¶ *Lincoln the President: Midstream*, by J. G. Randall. The third volume of a rambling but reflective biography, begun

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in 1937, which this time focuses on 1863, the year of the Emancipation Proclamation.

❶ *Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life*, by Stefan Lorant. A labor of photographic love, consisting of sketches, cartoons and every known picture ever taken of Lincoln (500), with running commentary by a Lincoln enthusiast who first discovered his hero when he read the Gettysburg address in a German concentration camp.

❷ *Impressions of Lincoln and the Civil War*, by Marquis Adolphe de Chambun. The impact of Lincoln on a sophisticated French diplomat, married to Lafayette's granddaughter, who was sent to Washington late in 1864; chiefly interesting for such minor sidelights as Vice President Andrew Johnson, a generally abstemious man, turning up in his cups (too much brandy) in Lincoln's second inaugural.

❸ *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, a nine-volume key to the current Lincoln boom scheduled for publication next February, which will contain 99% of all known Lincoln material, sell for \$115 (prepublication price: \$95), and boast such items as an index to 200 Lincoln forgeries.

RECENT & READABLE

The Devil Rides Outside, by John H. Griffin. The turmoil of a young American torn between world and monastery; a first novel marked by crude energy and unashamed religious fervor (TIME, Nov. 3).

Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. An increasingly serious satirist turns to World War II for a theme and a Christian gentleman for a hero: the first volume of a trilogy (TIME, Oct. 27).

Prisoner of Grace, by Joyce Cary. The story of Nina Nimmo and her lifetime bargain with two men; a new novel by one of the liveliest writers alive (TIME, Oct. 20).

The Devils of Loudun, by Aldous Huxley. A skillful account of the epidemic of devil-possession which beset the French town of Loudun in the 17th century, and of the rash priest who burned for it (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Man on a Donkey, by H. F. M. Prescott. Vivid, fictional chronicle of the 16th century Yorkshires rising against Henry VIII (TIME, Sept. 22).

The Old Man and the Sea, a masterfully written story about a Cuban fisherman, which may be just what Ernest Hemingway thinks it is: the best work he has ever done (TIME, Sept. 8).

The Canterbury Tales, A versification by Nevill Coghill, preserving much of the lusty, 14th century tone of the original Chaucer in a rendering as witty and up-to-date as the conversation of a 20th century Oxford don (TIME, Aug. 11).

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest addition to the small shelf of good books about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

* Author Lorant does not accept the Matthew Brady picture of the tall man in the stovepipe hat at Hanover Junction (TIME, Oct. 20) as a photograph of Lincoln (see LATTERS).



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Dark Victory. In Detroit, high-school Football Player Alex Jones knocked himself out crashing head first into a steel post, later groggily explained: "I run faster with my eyes shut."

The Vienna Woods. In Vienna, police urged the city council to modernize the lighting system of the city parks, as "dangers to security and refuges for criminals," but the council refused, on the grounds that Vienna woodlands are "idyllic islands of romance and seclusion."

On Call. In Brooklyn, Stanley Cohen told police he received a phone tip that his hardware store was being robbed, rushed down to investigate, was met by two men who forced him to open the safe and took \$624.

The People's Will. In Waco, Texas, Psychiatrist John E. Talley explained why people vote: "You don't vote for the man you think can win. You vote for the man you think can defeat the man you want to lose."

Check, Please. In Montgomery, Ala., a jury ordered Restaurateur Mike Miaoulis to pay \$4,542 damages to a friend whose ear lobe he had bitten off in a fight.

Set-Two. In Beverly Hills, Calif., Twins Charlotte and Georgia Steeves both fractured their left elbows, put on similar casts, commented: "Sometimes we think we carry this twin thing too far."

The Mixture as Before. In Toronto, after a three-year separation, Bertrian Guilbault met with his wife for a reconciliation talk, gave her a broken nose, told arresting police: "It didn't work."

Supply & Demand. In Toledo, arrested for stealing several outboard motors, John C. Elrod and Robert W. Clark confessed that they had stolen one, sold it, stolen it, sold it, stolen it.

Object Lesson. In Ann Arbor, Mich., after giving his University of Michigan R.O.T.C. class a talk on "Safety with Firearms," Edward S. Patterson accidentally shot himself in the arm.

Type Casting. In Louisville, City Medical Examiner Dr. S. J. Brownstein reported that nearly half of Louisville's 499 policemen are flat-footed.

Tall Tail. In Maysville, Ky., Dr. C. F. Kilgus, fishing along a tree-fringed lake, gave his line a mighty cast, reeled in a squirrel.

Family Ties. In Chicago, 88-year-old Joseph H. Hammer, asking police to help him find his sister whom he hadn't seen since 1881, explained: "I'm getting along in years, and I figured it was time to look her up."



Austria's bat-men spread their wings-and fly!

1 "It's a flying circus when Tyrolean ski stars take to the air," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "I joined them on a peak above Austria's Oetz Valley, and strapped one of their sail-like 'Thirring capes' to my wrists and ankles. We raced downhill, hugging our 'wings' tight. Nearing a crevasse, we threw open our capes, caught the rushing updraft and soared into space..."



2 "A crash landing ended my flight when I straightened up too soon. I'd just made it across the crevasse. Gliding by, my companions made ski-flying look easy. I decided on one more 'flyer'..."



3 "Smoke from blazing torches we'd lit down below showed me that the headwind I needed was still blowing strong. I sped into it, taking off over a hillock. Landing on my skis nearly a hundred feet away, I took off again—and again—practically winging my way into the valley."



4 "The fledgling earned his wings," said my host at the Glacier Hotel in Hochsölden, "and that calls for the best in the house—Canadian Club!"

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